A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

NAHUM HARWOOD

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A JAPANESE FARMER

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

BY

NAHUM HARWOOD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LEOMINSTER, MASS.
1906

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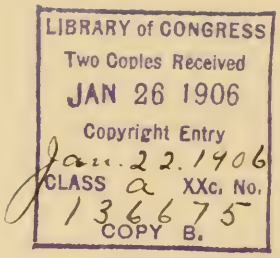

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PREFACE

These papers were first printed in the "Leominster Daily Enterprise." At the request of many who read them, I have endeavored to put them in more compact and attractive form. I have made no pretense of literary excellence, or of a deep insight into the history, religion, nature, or habits of the people of the countries through which I have traveled. It would take years of observation and study to attain to that, and volumes to record the results. I have endeavored to give only a very imperfect pen-and-ink sketch of what I saw, heard, and felt.

If there are any who have the patience to follow me around the world, from Leominster to Leominster, and if I shall afford them but a small part of the benefit, instruction, and pleasure that the trip has afforded me, then I shall have been amply repaid for the writing.

Nahum Harwood.

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A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

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CHAPTER I

ENGLAND

As the four tugs fastened on to the huge steamer Ivernia like wasps, and, turning her, slowly steamed down Boston harbor, the last thing we could distinguish among our friends at the end of the wharf, as the dresses and waving handkerchiefs faded into one indistinct mass, was the red dress of Rena. Arrived at Queenstown, Sunday morning at 2 A. M., we saw only the "lighter" taking off passengers, baggage, and mail. Arrived at the landing in Liverpool, Sunday, October 27, 1901, we met Cook's man, who had our trunks inspected, secured a hack, and went with us to the Adelphi Hotel, where he met us again Monday morning, checked our trunks to London, gave us tickets to that city *via* Chester, Leamington, and Oxford, and in other ways proved of great assistance. Took a car on an elevated road Monday afternoon, and rode the whole length of the great Liverpool docks and back to the end of the road; then took seats on top of an electric car and rode to the Adelphi Hotel, going through some

of the principal streets of Liverpool. At the hotel I first saw a head porter in full uniform; he wore a dress-suit trimmed with heavy gold lace and brass buttons, a red vest, and yellow tights. I was frightened, for I thought I beheld a real live duke, — the Duke of Adelphi (Hotel). I made a low bow, and then asked if that was the Duke of Adelphi. "No," replied my informant, "that is the head porter of the hotel, and you must give him two shillings when you leave."

Left Liverpool at 4 P. M., October 28, and after an hour's ride arrived at Chester. Went to Westminster Hotel, an old-fashioned, quaint place, fire burning in the open fireplaces in many of the rooms, and everything neat and food good. Tuesday we walked around the "old wall" and went into the Chester Cathedral. It is a magnificent and interesting structure, built in 968. Saw the King Charles Tower on the "old wall," where he stood and witnessed the defeat of his army. There is a piece of the "old wall" built by the Romans. Rode out to Eaton Hall, the country seat of the Duke of Westminster, covering five miles square. We rode for a distance of two and a half miles, and came to the residence and a magnificent set of buildings, including a chapel, stables, and agent's and private secretary's residences. In the park were thousands of deer, pheasants, rabbits, and squirrels, all tame. We

rode up to the costly gilded gates, where only royalty are admitted. We could not go over the residence, as the duke (a young man of twenty-three) was residing there at the time. Most of the fifteen thousand acres of this vast estate is leased to farmers, who live in small stone or brick houses on the land, making most of it productive, and leaving only a small part for animals, hunting, and lawns.

On our return to Chester we saw the old house once occupied by Lord Derby; also an old house which was the only one spared by the plague, and is called "God's Providence House," this name being across the front in large letters. Chester Cathedral contains some magnificent stained glass and the finest carved woodwork in England. Chester Castle is one of the sights, and is beautifully situated on the River Dee.

We left for Leamington on the 3 P. M. train, and stopped at the Bath Hotel, which is old fashioned and quaint, like the Westminster at Chester. Have not seen a wooden building yet, all of them being constructed of brick or stone. All the farms are like gardens.

On Wednesday, October 30, we rode two miles in the train to Warwick Castle, a magnificent and extensive building, surrounded by a moat, inclosing a square of 304 acres; there is a fine clock tower. The guard at the gate showed us

around, inside and out. The gallery of paintings is beyond price, — some by Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds. There are two portraits of the present Countess of Warwick, a beautiful woman of about thirty-five; portraits of the ancestors of the Earl of Warwick; of past kings, by great painters; one of Queen Elizabeth and the original bed used by her. There is also a cast from the face of Oliver Cromwell made after his death. The present earl and his family were occupying a part of the huge building, which contains some forty-five rooms. The guard opened the door, and we had a peep into one of the rooms used and could hear the family moving around. One room contained nothing but ancient armor. The castle overlooks the river, and the views in all directions are charming.

From Warwick we took a train for Stratford-on-Avon, arriving at 11 A.M. Here we inspected Shakespeare's birthplace, and saw the record of his birth and the first volume of his plays ever printed, the room where he was born, his father's room, where he dealt in wool, and his garden, where are now growing all the plants and flowers mentioned in his plays. Then we went to the church where he is buried, and saw the records of his marriage and death. It is the same old church that Shakespeare attended, but a far better and costlier one than Leominster can boast. We saw the White Horse Inn, where he had meals and

drank ale. To be in the same room and garden where he played when a boy, to sit in the same church, and to gaze on the same scenery — the hills and valleys and the river Avon — is wonderfully impressive. The walls and ceilings in the room where the great writer was born are completely covered with signatures, and the glass in the windows is scratched with diamonds, — Walter Scott, Byron, Tennyson, Irving, and many others equally distinguished, from all parts of the world. A shilling apiece was charged, which in time must have amounted to thousands of dollars. This is not allowed now. Notices are posted that no tips be given. We told the voluble guides that we were anxious to give them dollars and dollars, but we could not break the rules. There seemed to be a pained and disappointed look upon their faces.

A few miles from Leamington is the town of Leominster, which I greatly wanted to see, but time would not admit of our visiting that town with its familiar sounding name.

Leaving Leamington at 5.30 P. M., Wednesday, October 30, we arrived at Oxford about 6 o'clock. The ticket we purchased in Liverpool seems a regular pass to everywhere, as it has already taken us to Chester, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford, all off the regular line, and will yet carry us to London. At Oxford we

put up at the Mitre Hotel, which is old-fashioned, irregular, cosy, comfortable, and neat, the same as all the hotels we have stopped at so far. It was built in the year 1400, and has large beams across the ceilings. During our stay in this town we visited nearly all the colleges and many other points of interest. We went over New College, built in the fourteenth century; Trinity College and the Lime Walk; Magdalen College and the Addison Walk; Christ Cathedral, founded in 730; the large dining-hall in Christ Church, containing portraits of some of the celebrated men who have been students of this college, including Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey, and hundreds of others, — life-size. At Keble College we saw Hunt's famous painting, "The Light of the World," which represents a figure of Christ holding a lantern. At Exeter College we saw the Gobelin tapestry, 8 × 12 feet, with a life-size picture of Mary and the Christ-child; it is of priceless value.

Friday, November 1, we took the train leaving Oxford at 10.40 A. M., and at the station saw the Duchess of Marlboro (Consuelo Vanderbilt), who rode in the next compartment to us. She was very tall and slender, about twenty-three years old, and had a good, clear complexion and a sort of "don't care" expression. The guard said that she would sit down on a barrel or anywhere. She wore a Rembrandt hat, carried herself gracefully,

and, being so tall, rather queenly. We arrived in the great city of London at 12.30 o'clock, and were driven a distance of two miles to the Cranston Waverly Hotel, Southampton Row. On the following day we rode in a bus to old London Bridge, walked across and back, and then went all over the famous Tower of London, which was built by William the Conqueror; saw the crown jewels, including all the crowns, solid gold staves, etc. In order to reach the Tower we had to cross the old moat, 100 feet wide, which was once filled with water. There were soldiers, guards, and warders everywhere, dressed in uniforms according to the styles worn ten centuries ago. We first came to the Bloody Tower, where the two young princes were murdered by Richard III, and the stairway under which they were buried; the torture-room came next, well filled with various instruments for inflicting pain, — the block and axe used to behead Lady Jane Grey, Queen Anne Boleyn, Cromwell (not Oliver), and many hundreds of others who met their death in this way. The Tower was erected in 1079, and its walls are from 10 to 15 feet thick. It covers many acres, and consists of long blocks of stone buildings, connected at the corners by towers, each having many portholes to shoot from. It has been used as a palace and a prison, and Queen Elizabeth was confined there once for a short time.

We went to the Bank of England, commonly called "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," a long, low stone building, and the money centre of the world; then to St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of the city, — beautiful and magnificent, especially the dome, — in which are many statues in memory of some of the soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of Great Britain, — Nelson, Wellington, Gordon, etc. The architectural work was done by Christopher Wren in 1675, and it ranks next to St. Peter's at Rome.

Sunday, November 3, we passed at Hyde Park and the Kensington Gardens, the former containing 388 acres in the heart of London. We walked down the famous drive, Rotten Row. Inside the park and near the entrance were many speakers haranguing the different crowds on religion, temperance, politics, and other subjects. The fog was very thick that day, and, mixed with the smoke, made it at times impossible to distinguish objects more than fifty feet away. It gets into the houses, makes the eyes smart like smoke, fills the lungs and nose, interferes with business, and is very disagreeable. The papers say that that evening the people went about with lanterns. No money, office, or kingly station would induce me to live here if this state of fog were prevalent.

November 4. We walked to the British Museum, and passed three hours in looking over this

immense affair. It would take a volume to enumerate the world-famous treasures of priceless value which it contains. Out of the thousands I will mention but two: In the Etruscan room was the mummy of a young woman. The body was wrapped in cloth bandages, and strips of cloth were fastened with gold-headed nails; the feet were encased in gold shoes; — all this like an ordinary mummy, but on the face was a portrait, finely colored and life-like, painted in encaustic on panel, of a beautiful young lady, with fine features, beautiful nose, and full red lips, dark, round, pretty eyes, dark, arched eyebrows, and hair worn pompadour style. If the young women of three or four thousand years ago were anything like her, they must have been strikingly beautiful, and equal to anything of to-day in intelligence or beauty. Also in this room were portraits and medallions, engraved or cut on precious stones, — one of Emperor Augustus, with eyes cut out of sardonyx, a beautiful thing, 5 × 3 inches, with a band of precious stones around the head, and the finest face of a man I ever saw. The stones were so cut that the coloring in them gave the proper coloring to the face.

Leaving the museum, we enjoyed a cab ride for the next two hours, passing during that time Somerset House, Houses of Parliament, Marlborough House, where the king is now living,

and Buckingham Palace, which is being fitted up for the future residence of the king. We also passed St. James's Palace and Park, and went to Westminster Abbey, immense and grand, filled with the monuments of past royalty, including Alfred the Great, historians, philosophers, actors. The only bust of an American I saw was that of Longfellow. There were marble statues of Dickens, Tennyson, Garrick, Gladstone and wife, and thousands of others. In going around through the different inclosures and chapels, filled with costly sculptures and figures, — life-size, — intended to show the features of the ones long ago buried here, all silent and intimating only death, one is filled with sadness and longs to go out into the open day and sunlight; but, alas! it is not possible in such a suicidal fog and smoke as London is having to-day.

Tuesday we saw the "Old Bailey" court-house, where so many celebrated criminals have been tried in olden times. It is still used, and in connection with it is Newgate prison, where at present there is but one prisoner, and he will be hanged in two weeks. We passed through St. John's Gate, an archway over a street, and a part of the original wall of the city.

Wednesday, November 6. We hunted around and found the original of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," which we entered and there bought

some souvenirs. The neighborhood is rich in old houses, law offices, and streets connected with the famous English writer and mentioned in his novels. The original "Bleak House" is some distance away, overlooking the Thames. Dickens, when a boy, was employed not far from this spot, making bootblacking, and his father was the original "Micawber," always in debt and often in jail, but always hopeful and looking forward to better times, which never came. A Mr. Poole now carries on a waste-paper business in this old shop, and incidentally sells souvenirs and trinkets, from whom I purchased a picture of the place. His daughter, who lives with him, might well be "Little Nell" back to life. From here we went down to have a closer view of the Parliament Houses, which are very extensive, with many fine towers, but the buildings as a whole are not equal to the Capitol at Washington, lacking its grandeur and noble proportions, and its grand dome. We passed by Trafalgar Square, where is the finest of the many monuments erected to the memory of Admiral Nelson, along the Thames embankment, bordered on one side by many fine residences, hotels, and club-houses, and along Regent Street, which is one of the most popular shopping-places.

Friday, after taking lunch with some friends, we walked about the city, seeing Guildhall, the

residence of the lord mayor, and a small church designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and called a finer piece of architecture than St. Paul's, which he wanted built on the same plans as this one, but there was not money enough to do it.

CHAPTER II

FRANCE

SATURDAY, November 9. We left in the forenoon at 10 o'clock for Paris, arriving at 7 P. M. I was slightly ill during the next few days, and was visited Tuesday by a French doctor, who could speak a little English, and who left some medicine for me to take. He came again Wednesday, and when I paid him for his two visits, his bill, which was eight dollars, started my pulse and the coating from my tongue, and gave my system a much-needed shock.

Friday I took a cab and visited the following places: The Bourse (the stock exchange), the financial centre of France; the Grand Opera House; the Louvre Picture Gallery; what is left of the Bastile, the old French prison, which was demolished by the revolutionists; the Palais Royal; the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, in one of the principal squares; the Tuileries; the Place Vendôme, with its high column; the Théâtre Français; and Napoleon's tomb, if tomb it can be called, the most magnificent and royal sepulchre that money could build. A large courtyard with buildings on each side, contain-

ing historical paintings and statues, leads to the principal building, into which we entered with uncovered heads. On each side of the lofty hall are the torn and battle-scarred flags of Napoleon's wars, covering the walls high up. Back of this a golden light from the stained glass dome above lights up the spot beneath which the bones of France's adored hero lie. We do not look directly at the tomb itself, only upon a flood of golden light that seems ever to play around and above the hallowed spot; it is the perfection of art. From here we go to the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Élysées, by the river Seine. This is a glorious monument of military achievements, a magnificent structure in every sense of the word, covered with beautiful designs in bronze. Then we visited the Eiffel Tower, a stupendous structure, finely situated, which does not look more than twice as high as the Washington monument. Across the Seine there are several fine bridges; one finished in 1900 is a fine piece of work, being ornamented at each end with magnificent bronze figures. The broad boulevards on each side of the Seine are like parks, and far better than the lonely parks of London. They are seven hundred feet wide, or over, and are full of life and moving humanity, and fine equipages.

Sunday, November 17. Went to the Louvre Gallery, where room after room, halls, and gal-

leries are filled with priceless paintings. We spent three hours there, with a guide named Louis Pons, a Frenchman, who spoke English and several other languages, and was a very intelligent and interesting man. This gallery is one of the world's greatest treasure-houses of ancient art. There are paintings by Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, Velasquez, etc.; also the original Venus de Milo, the model of all artists for female beauty, part of the arms of which are gone; and though since it was dug up on the island of Milo, Greece, the best sculptors have tried to replace them, they cannot do it, and have them compare at all with the rest of the statue. Here also is the original Gladiator, found in Greece, which is the ideal of manly strength and beauty, — full of nerve and muscle, and having a graceful poise. There was part of a fresco by Michael Angelo, removed from Rome. I saw the wonderful Regent diamond, belonging to the French nation and valued at two million dollars; went into the room where Napoleon married Maria Louisa, saw Marie Antoinette's bed, and a number of rooms furnished with the furniture of different epochs, — Francis I, and Louis XIV, XV, and XVI.

Paris is a beautiful city, full of life, sunshine, paintings, statues, art, grand boulevards, and apparently a very happy people. In one of the

principal squares was a large bronze statue of George Washington. I walked up one thoroughfare, part way, which is one of the finest shopping avenues in the city, and includes the Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, Bonne-Nouvelle, St. Denis, and St. Martin, — all these being one street with different names. I walked for over an hour up one side and back on the other. The sidewalks are 30 to 33 feet wide, with rows of large trees on the outside of each, which in the summer must completely shade the walks. In many places one half the sidewalk is taken up with small tables and chairs, used in eating and drinking. We did not go far enough to see the end of the street, but as far as we did go, from the Place de l'Opéra, it was lined with large retail stores of jewelry, furs, silks, glass, etc.; the finest street for stores I ever saw. Broadway, New York, does not compare with it, or any street in London. It has extremely wide sidewalks, lined with a continuous row of large, flourishing trees. The fine show of goods in the windows, its brilliant appearance under electric and gas light, distinguish this boulevard from any other I have ever seen.

Tuesday, the 19th. Went to Notre Dame Cathedral, the Notre Dame of the world, with its two square towers, fine stained glass windows, its

fluted columns, and massive arches of stone. The dining-room at Pension Glatz, where we take our meals, was once a part of the residence of Victor Hugo.

Wednesday, November 20. We concluded our visit in Paris and left on the 9.30 A. M. train for Marseilles, which we reached after a ride of thirteen hours through the wine and sugar district where the champagne is made. The ride was full of interest to us, — the quaint old villages, the houses all of stone, with roofs of brick, or tiled, or covered with flat stones. In the compartment with us on the train there were only an old lady and her German maid, and by means of a tag on a package we found, after they had left the train, that the old lady was the Countess Polignon. She could speak some English, and was very pleasant, giving us the London "Graphic" to read, while I returned the favor with the Paris edition of the New York "Herald." In the next compartment was an American lady, Mrs. Washburn (and her French maid), with whom I accidentally scraped an acquaintance. I was endeavoring to make a fruit vender understand that I wanted some grapes, and she translated my speech into French and I obtained the fruit. She also helped us to procure coffee in the same way, and advised us not to stop at Lyons, but to continue through to Marseilles, where she re-

commended a hotel that was near the station. Following her to the hotel, we found it quite crowded and impossible for us to get rooms; but Mrs. Washburn had telegraphed ahead for two rooms, for herself and maid, and she volunteered to give one of them up to us. H. and I thought she was very kind.

We left Marseilles Thursday morning at 10 o'clock for Nice, and as it happened we had the same compartment in the car on the train with Mrs. Washburn. She is about forty-five years old, and is a niece of the late Hon. Edward Avery of Boston. Her home is in New York, and she has spent fourteen winters in the Riviera, crossing the Atlantic twenty-seven times. When in New York she lives on Fifth Avenue. She has given us some very good advice about Italy, as to our purchases, where to stop, and what to see, and her advice as to this hotel at Nice, the Beau Rivage, turned out to be good.

The best part of our journey seems to have just commenced. We reached Nice after a ride of four and one half hours, and such a ride,— mountains to the west, glimpses of the Mediterranean to the east, while at our feet on each side were vineyards and groves of oranges, figs, olives, etc., villages and châteaux. It was a wonderful two hundred miles of lovely scenery.

We arrived at Nice at 2.20 P. M., and went

to the Hotel Beau Rivage, on the Quai du Midi. It is the best one we have stopped at yet; clean, good cooking; rates $2.30 per day; magnificent location; room 18 × 20 feet, 18 feet high, two beds, thick, nice carpet; elevator, electric lights, and first-class in every way. After lunch we took a look. The Quai du Midi is a promenade, three miles long, one hundred feet wide, and on the edge of the sea. The sidewalk on the grand promenade is fifty feet wide and made of cement stone. In all directions, a delightful view is obtained of city, mountains, and sea. It seems to H. and me like a bit of paradise after being lost in London fog, cooped up in a pension in Paris, and jostled in the hubbub of great cities with the danger of crossing the streets, — it is so quiet, so calm, in the interesting city, with the gentle sea at our feet.

Saturday, November 23, we rode to Mentone, going by way of the hills and mountains, and coming back by the sea. There were five in the party — two Germans, two Americans, and one Englishman — and a French driver. I never expect to see anything again that will equal this drive. Going, we rose to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and such magnificent views! Glimpses of blue sea on the right, on the left the snow-clad Alps, under our feet the picturesque cottages and vineyards of the peasants. The road

is finely built, as smooth and hard as marble, and no state road in our own country compares with it. On the downhill side the walls are of cut stone laid in cement. We rode around precipices of rock rising vertically over our heads a thousand feet or more. We arrived at Mentone at 12.30, after a ride of three and one-half hours, and after lunch we strolled around among the quaint old places in the town, and walked the entire length of the stone wall inclosing and forming the harbor.

Mentone is beautifully situated near the gentle blue sea, and is sheltered from north and west winds by high hills and mountains directly back of the town. We started on our return trip at about 2.30 o'clock, taking the road that follows the windings of the sea and not far above it, — the same magnificently built road, passing through tunnels in the rock like a railroad. We passed through Monte Carlo, and reached Nice at 5.30 o'clock. The distance was twenty-three miles going and seventeen miles returning, and such a forty miles of scenery! There is no match for it on this earth. The cost of the trip was two dollars each. The Riviera is a strip bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, two hundred miles long, and is the great winter resort of Europe. The best part of this — the very cream — is the twenty miles from Nice to Monte Carlo and Mentone.

The road rises to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and was built by Napoleon.

November 25. Left Hotel Beau Rivage, Nice, at 10 A. M. for Monte Carlo. Bill for four days, including wine and water and conveyance to and from depot, $10.25 each. Arrived at Monte Carlo at 11 A. M., and went to the Windsor Hotel, which was recommended to us by Mrs. Washburn, and found it, if anything, much better than she said. We have a large room on the second floor, with frescoed ceiling, two clothes-presses, two large mirrors, easy chair, lounge, marble mantel and fireplace, large French clock, thick carpet, and two windows that open out on the veranda, from which we can look out over a garden of oranges, palms, and flowers, to the sea. We are well up, overlooking the lower village and casino, while the street runs up towards a high mountain of rock. The place is one of beautiful hotels, with lawns and gardens filled with palms and tropical trees. The streets are as clean as a marble floor, and it seems the ideal place to live in during the winter. We took a look at the Casino, which is a beautiful building overlooking the sea, which is of the most varied colors from dark blue to pea green. We had the best meal at lunch since leaving home. After dinner we sat in the parlor, and Mrs. Washburn introduced us to a countess who was of the court of Eugénie, a fine old lady, with

a beautiful face, who could talk English. Her name was Comtesse M. de Seilern.

Tuesday the 26th, at 11 A. M., Mrs. Washburn escorted us to the far-famed gambling-place, the Casino of Monte Carlo. She showed us how to get tickets of admission good for the day and evening. There were some three or four tables going, and twenty-five or more persons at each table; a little later there will be a great crowd.

Upon entering the Casino gambling-rooms we had to show our tickets and give our names to the doorkeepers. They could not seem to understand H.'s name, as their French tongues could not get around it, and there was quite a delay. Finally, pointing to H., I said "Count Mullikano," when, with a polite bow, the doorkeeper ushered us in.

At the tables we saw a dapper little man, dressed as though he had just come out of the bandbox, with spotless white kids on, gambling and losing thousands of dollars with seeming indifference. He seemed to be superstitious, for he would change his place at the tables and then change tables, but to no advantage, for while we were there he was a continual loser, losing probably $10,000. I think he took H. for his "hoodoo," for when he saw him near he would change tables and even go into another room.

I saw old and young men, beautiful girls and

old ladies, winning and losing tens and hundreds of dollars, apparently unconcerned. One old man lost $200 in a few minutes, then hesitated, put on $30 more, lost, got up, and left the place. The rooms are like a palace, and there is nothing equal to them at Waldorf-Astoria. Many ladies and gentlemen with plenty of money gamble a few dollars each day to pass away the time and break the monotony, while many others have a passion for it and gamble steadily and recklessly. Everything is kept in the best of order, and any disorderly man or woman, or any person of bad character, is sent out of town. There are no taxes to be paid, as all expenses are borne by the Casino company, and if one must gamble, it is a safer place than Wall Street, as the house gets but two per cent of the stakes. We were perfectly delighted with the whole place, — the hotel, the people, the buildings, the sea, the mountains, the sunshine, the air, the oranges, palms, figs, flowers. This must be the culmination of our trip.

The afternoon of Tuesday we went through the palace of the Prince of Monaco, at Monaco. He is at the head of the company that owns and rules the city of Monte Carlo. The palace of Monaco is on a rocky hill about two miles from the Casino, and was once a fortified place. Some old cannon are still mounted on battlements of the Middle Ages, pointing seaward, perfectly use-

less, — only ornamental. The rocky promontory juts out into the sea, and we get a fine view from it of Monte Carlo, the mountains in the rear, and the water of wonderful blue and green. The interior of the old palace is a marvel of furniture and pictures, and one room has more gold leaf in it than there is on the dome of the State House in Boston.

CHAPTER III

ITALY

November 27, 1901. We left Monte Carlo on 10.50 A. M. train for Genoa, Italy, where we arrived at 7 P. M., and went to the Hotel des Londres. Genoa is the second commercial city on the Mediterranean, Marseilles being the first.

Thursday, the 28th, Thanksgiving Day in the United States. With a guide we went over a very old church, very finely decorated with heavy gilding; then to the palace formerly belonging to one of the old ducal families, where Napoleon lived after the battle of Marengo. Also here lived at one time the great artists Rembrandt and Rubens, while painting portraits of the members of the family. Many of these portraits we saw, as well as paintings by Titian and other great artists. After lunch we rode out to the world-famous cemetery, the Campo Santo, full of marble statues and groups of life-size figures, some of which are very beautiful. There are several covered colonnades one thousand feet in length, one side filled with these marble statues, marking the burial-place of those who passed away possibly centuries ago. From here we rode back to

the city and to the place where Columbus was born, and stood in front of the very house in which he first saw the light of day; a high, narrow building not over sixteen feet wide, and in a street so narrow no teams are allowed in it; the buildings are so high that hardly any light reaches the street, which is built up solid from one end to the other. In this little old house he was born, and in this narrow street, that would be a disgrace to the North End of Boston, he played when a boy.

Genoa is the second seaport on the Mediterranean, and here Columbus imbibed his first ideas of the sea, and that the world was really larger than what was known or believed at that time. He tried to interest the moneyed men of Genoa to build him ships, but they took no stock in his ideas or in him, whom they had known as a poor boy living in one of the poorest streets. So he went to Venice and tried to interest the great capitalists of that city, then the mistress of the seas and the commercial metropolis of the then known world. While in Venice he studied a large map of the world made by a monk. (This map is now in the Doge's palace, and when in Venice I intend to see it.) Then he went to Spain, and there King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella advanced the money, Isabella selling her jewels, and Columbus sailed out over an unknown sea

GONDOLA, VENICE

in quest of an unknown land, with sublime courage, to prove his faith in a western continent. If Columbus had not had the courage of his convictions, what a difference it would have made to the United States and its people, and in fact to the whole world!

Friday, November 29. We left Genoa by train at 3 A. M. for Venice, by way of Milan and Verona, — Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Between Genoa and Milan is a range of mountains crossed by means of many tunnels, one of which is about four miles long. After leaving the hilly region we came out into a level country where every bit of land was cultivated. The hills and mountains are terraced as far up as it is possible to obtain a foothold, and in some of the most barren places soil is brought and placed on the terraces and vineyards, and groves of olives are seen growing in places that originally were nothing but barren rock and sand.

From Milan to Venice we passed through a fine farming country, level and fertile; on the train we had a first class compartment all to ourselves. Around Verona there seemed to be a lot of old fortifications.

We arrived at Venice at 7 P. M., after dark, and alighting from the train we, as usual, followed the crowd, showed our tickets, and passed out by a long row of what we should call hackmen in

America. They had the names of the different hotels they represented on their hats, but they were all boatmen—gondoliers. We walked down a long flight of stone steps, following the boatman that represented the hotel we were going to, the Aurora, and there at the foot of the steps was a long row of gondolas. We stepped into one and silently moved away. We were under a little cover like a chaise-top, just room enough for two. No one else was on the boat except the gondolier at the stern end, out of sight of us, and we started on the most forlorn, gloomy ride I ever had. It was cold, damp, cheerless, and dark, as for nearly an hour we glided along the Grand Canal, then into a narrow, crooked canal, with no sounds except the warnings of the boatmen as they came to turns in the canal; dark except for an occasional glimmer of light from some grated window in a stone house. Lonesome stone steps led into the dark water, the depth of which we did not know. I asked H. if he had on his rubber boots, as it seemed so damp under foot. The smells that came out of this dark, stagnant water were anything but agreeable, and our first impressions of Venice were not pleasant or encouraging. At last we came out into the large lagoon; we should call it a lake. By this lagoon many of the principal buildings are situated, and it is a harbor for the shipping and war-ships. We

SMALL CANAL, VENICE

came to the landing in front of our hotel, and the next morning the sun shone brilliantly into our room as we looked out onto the broad promenade in front that faces the lagoon, with its moving crowd of people, and the lagoon filled with shipping and gondolas with gay colored sails, and we changed our opinion of Venice formed the night before. After breakfast we engaged a guide and walked around St. Mark's Square under the long, broad colonnades lined with stores, then by St. Mark's tower, the Campanile, 323 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal bronze angel, to St. Mark's Cathedral, built in the ninth century to receive the bones of St. Mark, which are believed to rest here. It is of Byzantine style of architecture. Here are fine mosaics. The vestibule is entered by means of bronze doors of magnificent workmanship, and the ceiling of mosaic, by Titian, Tintoretto, and others, is said to be the finest in the world. On the exterior are some five hundred columns of marble, said to have been brought by the Crusaders from Palestine. Near the church is the famous clock tower, with its gorgeous dial plate of blue and gold and the bronze figures whose iron hammers have marked the hours for ages.

After leaving the church we passed directly into an establishment for making lace, some three hundred girls being at work making the

finest lace. Some were using a microscope. This is one of many establishments under one organization to give employment to poor girls, the Queen of Italy being the president.

The Doge's Palace. We went all over this wonderful old palace. Its construction was commenced in 809. The first room we entered, the senate chamber, is a magnificent hall, covered with paintings and frescoes by celebrated masters. Here can still be seen the original seats once occupied by the senators. The most important acts of the Republic depended on the Senate. This room was completed in 1301. We next entered the Hall of the Council of Ten; this council was really composed of seventeen, as the doge and his six councilors also were members. This council judged traitors, false coiners, etc., and in the walls of this room are secret openings used to convey information to the Council of Ten. Also on the wall are two of the so-called "Lions' Mouths," or little boxes for the reception of papers denouncing law-breakers, traitors, etc. From this room we entered that of the Grand Council, the largest and most magnificent of all. Around the ceiling are the portraits of seventy-six doges. The portrait of one doge, Marino Faliero, was taken away, and in place of it was an inscription stating that he was beheaded for his crimes in 1355. In one of the rooms is a

large map of the world, made in 1457 by a monk, showing the world as they then understood it. Asia and Africa are joined together in a curious way. Columbus studied this map before his discovery of America.

The walls of the Grand Council room are covered with the masterpieces of such painters as Titian and Tintoretto. Underneath all this magnificence are dungeons filled with cells lighted only by an opening in the door six inches in diameter, with stone floors, walls, and ceilings, no beds, nothing but a hard table — many below the level of the water in the canals. In one of these cells the Doge Marino Faliero was confined previous to his execution. They are horrible, dismal places. We passed over the Bridge of Sighs, connecting the magnificent and luxurious Doge's Palace with the prison. The prisoners after being sentenced in the palace, perhaps by the secret Council of Ten, were taken across this bridge to the prison, to imprisonment or execution, or to horrible torture. We can say with Byron: —

> "We stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand:
> We saw from out the wave her structure rise
> As by the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

The great square of St. Mark's, with the column of St. Mark near the centre and the Winged Lions of Venice guarding the entrance, sur-

rounded by great buildings, broad colonnades, where are the principal retail stores, the Doge's Palace, and the Cathedral on one side, opening out into the great blue lagoon covered with boats with gay colored sails, gondolas, steamers, and war vessels of Italy, is a wonderful sight seen nowhere else in the world.

In Venice are no horses, oxen, mules, or dogs, no carriages, wagons, or trucks, no street cars, no omnibuses, bicycles, or automobiles. The only means of locomotion are boats that glide about everywhere noiselessly; it is a capital place to sleep.

Around the grand square of St. Mark's and along the Promenade, perhaps a mile long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide, is solid ground, well paved, and there are also narrow ways in other directions where one can walk. Venice is built on piles on one hundred islands, and the canals are cut in all directions and are crossed by means of three hundred and sixty-seven bridges.

Monday, December 2, 1901. We left Venice on the 9.50 morning train for Florence, where we arrived at 7 P. M., after dark.

In our compartment on the train was an Italian lady who could speak a little English, and H. and I have learned to make acquaintance with any one who can do that. She helped us out with the

BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE

train hands and with information we wanted. She was a native of Florence, so we procured from her the name of a good hotel, which she wrote for us on a slip of paper. We engaged a carriage and, giving the address to the driver, started out on a seemingly endless drive, and began to have misgivings as to the kind of a house we were going to; but at last we brought up in front of a good-looking house in a good part of the city.

The lady of the house and her son came out and met us on the sidewalk, and they seemed surprised to see us. They could speak but a very few words of English, and I soon found it was not a public hotel but a "pension" (a sort of private boarding-house). I held up one finger and pointed to the upper story of the house, which meant we wanted one room. Then I held up two fingers, which meant I wanted two beds in that room. They desired to know who sent us, and when I showed them the paper, they recognized the handwriting and we were at once taken in. It proved to be one of the very best and cheapest places we had so far stopped at. There were the proprietor, his wife and son, two elderly ladies, and a young man, all Italians. One of the elderly ladies was a member of one of the noble but impoverished families of Italy. Then there was a young lady who proved the next day to be an American girl from Iowa, studying vocal music.

The first night at dinner, all except H. and I spoke in Italian; we sat in silence, the proceedings did not interest us. The next morning, at breakfast, the Iowa girl spoke to us, and the rest of the time we remained in Florence she made it very agreeable for us. Through her acting as interpreter, we all of us became quite loquacious, even hilarious. Our bill at this "pension" for two days' board, including room, fires, lights, and wine, was three dollars each. Each morning our breakfast was served in our room (sometimes before we were ready to receive it) by a chamber maid, who H. says is the pleasantest one we have struck yet, which is saying a great deal in a country where all the servants are so polite and attentive. If we pass them in the hotel they will always stand and bow till we have passed by, and every one on the street takes off his hat to acquaintances. I even saw a motorman take his hand from the lever of his car and lift his hat to some one. If you speak to any official at a hotel or station, or to any one on the street, it is considered impolite if you do not raise your hat.

At Florence, with a guide, we went over the celebrated Uffizi Gallery, one of the great treasure-houses of the world for paintings and wonderful creations in marble. Here are paintings by Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Michael Angelo; here is the original Wild Boar in mar-

ble, brought from Greece; the Venus de Medici, rival to the Venus de Milo that we saw in Paris. Here is the David of Michael Angelo, in marble, of heroic size, and the masterpiece of sculpture; the fine form, the poise, and the fine expression of the face representing the David of the Bible as conceived by one of the greatest artists that the world has produced. It is said that Michael Angelo was but twenty-one when he executed this work.

One hall contains portraits of over one hundred and fifty celebrated painters, painted by themselves. Among these are portraits of Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Titian.

At Santa Croce Church we saw the place where Michael Angelo and Dante are buried, marked by fine monuments of marble. There is also a monument to Galileo, but he was not buried here. All three were born in Florence. We saw the house in which Dante was born, and we were shown the celebrated bronze group made by Benvenuto Cellini. In one of the squares of the city is a bronze plate marking the place where the monk Savonarola was hanged and the body burned, for writing and preaching against the Pope. The Pitti Palace, also rich in priceless works of art, is in Florence.

We left Florence at 7 in the morning for Rome, which we reached at 1.20 P. M., going to the Pen-

sion Michel, which is a fine, large, new hotel. It has an elevator, and fine dining-rooms and parlors. Our room was 18 × 24 feet, and 23 feet high, with fine beds, windows to the south, everything very neat, and good service, all for two dollars per day each — lights, soap, and heat extra. In the afternoon we walked over to the Coliseum, a vast ruin. It was begun in the year 72, and took the labor of thirty thousand slaves for eight years. This would build a railroad from Boston to San Francisco; and this great amphitheatre was built only for the amusement of the emperors and great people of Rome; it would seat eighty thousand people. The Leominster Town Hall will seat twelve hundred. The seats rose up tier on tier, and were in circular form, surrounding an arena on which the gladiators fought to the death. On this arena many of the early Christians were led to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, and many cruel scenes were here enacted for the amusement of the Roman people. The dismal stone cells are to be seen from which the martyrs were led, through narrow passageways, to the arena, there to be torn and devoured by wild beasts for the diversion of cruel rulers like Nero. On the way to St. Peter's Cathedral we went into the Pantheon, noted for its beautiful façade and its noble dome, the full size of the building. Raphael is buried here.

St. Peter's is the most magnificent and largest church or cathedral in the world. As I approached it, it did not impress me as much as I had supposed it would. But once inside and taking time to appreciate its vast dimensions, one realizes slowly what sort of a place he is in. First, it is the best-lighted cathedral we have seen, all others being rather dark and gloomy; this is the exact reverse. Its dimensions are about 750 feet by 400 feet, including the façade. The dome rises to a height above the pavement of 435 feet, and is 196 feet in diameter. According to tradition, St. Peter suffered martyrdom on the site of the cathedral, and his remains rest under the high altar. This great building covers a space very nearly as large as the square bounded by Main, West, and School streets and Merriam Avenue in Leominster. The interior is filled with monuments and paintings by such great artists as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Canova, and Thorwaldsen. In the centre, under the great dome, is the altar, at which only the Pope celebrates mass. Over all this magnificent interior the light is shed wonderfully from the great dome and the stained glass windows on the sides. As we came out, after spending two hours, we realized that this was truly one of the few great wonders of the world. From St. Peter's we went to the ruins of the old Roman Forum, where the Roman people assembled for

meetings, to be addressed by their statesmen and orators and lawyers. Here Cicero swayed the people by his oratory. Next we visited the Quirinal, the home of the King and Queen of Italy, when in Rome. We were shown over the palace by one of the soldier guards. Like all the palaces we have seen, it is filled with costly works of art and covered with heavy gilding, but the rooms are finished and furnished in modern style. The throne-room, the ball-room, the conversation-room, the ante-rooms connected with the ball-room, are the most beautiful I have seen. Each room differs from the others in style and colors. In the ball-room are three magnificent glass chandeliers, suspended from the lofty arched ceiling; the gallery for the orchestra is high up, so that the musicians are not visible. These rooms seem better adapted to living in than the rather gloomy ones in other palaces we have visited. Here the king who was lately assassinated made his home, with Queen Margherita, of whom there are here two beautiful full-length portraits. There are also portraits of the present and late kings of Italy. In the rear of the palace is a fine garden of orange-trees, palms, and hedges.

Saturday, December 7. We made a second visit to St. Peter's, and we noticed some things we missed on our first visit. One was the bronze figure of St. Peter, full size. The great and little

toes of the right foot of this figure have been completely worn away by the kisses of devout Catholics, while on the other foot, which is back where it cannot be reached, the toes are intact. We saw several people kiss the foot as they passed along. It must have taken the kisses of many millions to have worn this bronze away, one of the hardest of metals. The dome and much of the main building of St. Peter's was designed by Michael Angelo — what a genius he was! We have seen his "David" at Florence, his paintings and frescoes equaled by only a very few, and here his genius shows itself in producing the most wonderful building in the world. Sculptor, painter, architect, great in all. From St. Peter's we entered the Vatican, which joins the church. In the new part of the Vatican, or palace, lives the Pope, whom we did not see; but we did see a red-gowned cardinal going through the door that opened into the rooms occupied by the Pope, who is too old and feeble to receive visitors. The old part of the Vatican is used as a gallery, or galleries, of paintings. Here are the "Madonna and Child" by Murillo, and the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, his last work, as he died at thirty-seven years of age. This is called his masterpiece, and the greatest of all paintings. Here also is the "Madonna and Child," by Raphael, done when twenty-one. These are all frescoes.

Several rooms are entirely frescoed by Raphael. Here are also paintings by Murillo, Correggio, Titian, and many other celebrated artists.

In the afternoon we rode out of the city to the old Claudian aqueduct, which was used by the old Romans to bring water from the hills, some ten miles distant. The present aqueduct is parallel to the old one and brings water from the same sources. On the way out of the city we stopped at the Catacombs, an ancient cemetery some fifty feet below the surface. It is in the grounds of the Trappist monks, one of whom showed us the tunnels and old vaults. Each of us bore a lighted candle. Except ten, these monks do not talk. Ten of the fifty are allowed to do the talking for a certain length of time, then these ten stop talking and ten others take their place.

We visited an old building in which Christian martyrs were tortured and killed while Nero looked on. On the walls are frescoes representing the various modes of torture, such as pouring melted lead down throats, broiling alive, cutting off hands, etc. They show the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the torture and death of St. Cecilia. Adjoining this building is a convent of nuns, who also take turns in talking.

December 8. We visited Capitol Hill, on which was the old Roman capitol, and from which she ruled the world. In the open square is the cele-

brated esquestrian statue in bronze of Emperor Marcus Aurelius. In the Capitol Museum we saw many paintings, statues, and bronzes of world-wide celebrity; one marble by Canova. Here is the original "Dying Gladiator," found in Greece, the sculptor unknown, the right arm an entire restoration by Michael Angelo. It is a wonderful piece of sculpture, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It represents a gladiator who has fought in the arena. His sword lies broken at his feet, there is a wound in his breast; he raises himself on one arm, and his eyes, fast losing their light, are fixed upon the ground, while his life-blood ebbs away. His short, curly hair shows that he represents a Gaul, from the then savage country now occupied by the French nation, many of whom were brought by the Romans and made to train and fight in the arena for their amusement, as gladiators, killing or being killed.

"I see before me the gladiator lie,
He leans upon his hand, his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

> He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away.
> He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play;
> There was their Dacian mother, he their sire —
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday."
>
> BYRON.

At the Capitol Museum we saw the original bronze of a boy taking a thorn out of his foot — a masterpiece of Greek art. Here is the "Venus of the Capitol," one of the most precious statues in the world.

Also here is the "Wolf of the Capitol," suckling the twins, one of whom, Romulus, founded Rome.

From Rome we went to Naples, which is celebrated the world over for its beautiful bay. But I do not think it equals the coast by Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone. We left Rome at 8.10 A. M. and arrived at Naples at 1.45 P. M.

The principal places of interest to see near Naples are Pompeii and Vesuvius. At Pompeii we engaged a guide and went over the excavated city, which was buried nineteen hundred years ago by the ashes from the volcano Vesuvius. The air was so full of ashes and smoke that it shut out the light and left the city in total darkness, so the inhabitants could not escape. About one square mile of the city has been excavated, and

DYING GLADIATOR

at the entrance is the museum containing bodies of men, women, and children taken from the houses and streets just where they were buried nearly two thousand years ago. In this museum are many relics, such as cooking utensils, carpenters' and plumbers' tools, which were in use at that time. From the museum we entered the ruined city, going through street after street, into houses, halls, theatres, the Forum, the Coliseum, and places of business. Some of the houses showed that they had once been very fine residences, having a central courtyard, or garden, surrounded with a colonnade; and frescoes with the colors as bright and fresh as if recently put on, instead of two thousand years ago. Here are to be seen bath-houses of marble, for taking hot and cold and plunge baths, with the lead water-pipes leading to the baths, — some ten or more pipes in a conduit, just as to-day they are placed underground. The very house is shown us from which the blind flower girl, Nydia, conducted her friend and benefactor out of the doomed city to a place of safety. In one place we saw a skeleton left just as it was found. The streets show deep indentations, worn by the chariot wheels of the wealthy, — the plumbers of Pompeii, judging from the number of bath-houses, all of which must have required the services of plumbers. At the thresholds of some of the

residences was the word "Ave," meaning welcome. At the entrance of one residence, just inside the threshold, on the floor of the hall, was the picture of a dog, full size, and the warning "Cave canem!" (Beware of the dog!) all done in mosaic.

At 11.30 we left Pompeii by carriage for Vesuvius, passing on the way many vineyards, where the celebrated wine called "Lachrimæ Christi," or "Tears of Christ," is made. These vineyards cover the sides of the mountains up to the edge of the beds of lava, around and through which our road winds to the cable road that takes us up the cone. This cable road was built and is owned by Thomas Cook & Son. On the way up we enjoyed magnificent views of Naples and the bay.

The cable road up the cone is like the one up Mt. Washington, and is a straight course, very steep. In a few minutes we reach the top, and on leaving the car a guide takes us in charge, puts a heavy overcoat on each of us over our own overcoat, and leads the way to the crater itself, which is some 150 feet higher up, by a path through ashes ankle-deep, some 400 feet. We notice near by and following us two assistants with ropes, and we soon find out what they are for. The guide sets a fast pace for such a track, and we stop to catch our breath. One of

the men says to me, "Take hold of the rope. I help you; only two francs." I take hold of one, H. of the other, and they pull us up towards the top. Soon the guide has to come behind and do some pushing; this is two francs more. Notwithstanding all this pulling and pushing, H. and I stop. It seems impossible to take another step. Neither says anything, but each is in hopes the other will say, "Let 's quit." The guide says, "Only fifty feet farther," and we make a final effort and stand on the very top of Vesuvius, looking down into that boiling, seething mass of sulphur, smoke, and steam, which we could smell and of which we could feel the heat. We stop but a few minutes, for our hands are benumbed with cold, and we are enveloped in fog and clouds. About fifty feet down we stop and warm our hands at a hole in the side of a cone, from which steam issues. We are glad enough to reach the car, which we enter after escaping from the voracious guides, helpers, and hangers-on, who have us completely in their power.

The sixty minutes on the car and going on foot to the crater was the worst experience of the kind I ever had; the guides and helpers are no better than robbers. They hurry us at first and have us at a disadvantage; we are chilled, tired, and helpless.

We reached our hotel at Naples at 6.30 P. M.

Smoke and steam from Vesuvius, on a clear day, is always plainly seen from Naples. We visited at Naples the National Museum, filled with relics from Pompeii, such as frescoes, marbles, bronzes; but in other respects the museums seemed tame after what we had seen in London, Paris, Venice, Florence, and Rome.

Friday. We had a fine view of Vesuvius, it being a very clear day; we saw plainly all day smoke and steam issuing from the crater, which is four thousand feet above tidewater.

Saturday, December 14. We left Naples at 7.34 A. M. for Brindisi, having crossed Italy three times; arrived at Brindisi at 7 P. M. This is one of the oldest cities in Europe, in that respect ranking with the cities of Greece.

CHAPTER IV

EGYPT

Sunday, December 15. Went aboard steamer Osiris and took possession of our cabin, which we had engaged before leaving Boston. The Osiris is a small steamer of 1700 tons, and can steam over twenty knots an hour; she carries but few passengers. Her most important freight is the mails for India and China, and she sails on the arrival of the mail train, which was at 11 P. M. On board we make the acquaintance of Dr. and Mrs. Wyman of Detroit, Mich.; they are going to Egypt, India, China, and Japan, and home by way of San Francisco. We also meet Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch from Chicago, on their way around the world. These are all very pleasant people, and we congratulate ourselves that we shall have their company in Egypt and possibly in India.

The passage across the Mediterranean from Brindisi to Port Said is usually very rough, especially on such a fast-going steamer as the Osiris, of small tonnage. On the way we saw Turkey, and on the south the Ionian Islands of Greece. Quite near, on the eastern side, we could see Greece herself, houses and fences plainly.

After a very uncomfortable passage of fifty-four hours, we arrived at Port Said, and if any one was ever glad to get ashore, it was H., as he had been seasick all the way over — fifty-four hours — in his berth all the time, neither eating nor sleeping. He had ejected everything he knew was in his stomach, and some things he did not know were there. As we came to anchor in the Suez Canal, at Port Said, the steamer was surrounded by boats in which were Arab boatmen, gesticulating and jabbering; we engaged one with the name of T. Cook & Son on his cap, got into his boat, and were soon landed at the station, where, after having passed through the formality of the custom-house, we took train for Cairo, running alongside of the canal to Ismaïlia, about sixty miles. Then the road leaves the canal and goes to Cairo, about seventy-five miles more.

At Port Said and Ismaïlia we had our first experience with Egyptian guides, or dragomen, as they are called here. They insist on taking your hand baggage, and if they touch it, there is ten or twenty cents to pay. It is a regular fight with them. They will run on ahead and open a car door for you, whether you want them to or not; that is ten cents. They all look alike, and it is hard to tell which is the right one to pay, as they all claim something. They are so poor and have so little money that they think more of one-

half piaster — two and one half cents — than the poorest man in Leominster would think of fifty cents.

From Ismaïlia we pass through a land which is irrigated from the River Nile, and it is as fine as the best farms in Iowa or Nebraska in June. All kinds of vegetables are growing, as well as corn, wheat, and cotton — some crops being planted, some coming up, some being harvested; all done in the most old-fashioned, crude way imaginable. All the land that is cultivated has to be irrigated with water from the Nile, and long canals extend out from the river, costing millions of dollars. This cultivated strip is from two to ten miles wide each side of the river; outside this is pure desert. The contrast between the garden and the sandy desert is striking. All the rain that falls in Egypt is not over one inch in a year, while we have more than that in Leominster in one good shower. In Cairo it was a standing joke with us each morning whether we should need an umbrella or a rain coat. We noticed all kinds of ways of raising the water from the canals on to the land; old ways described in the Bible. Some people scooped it up; some raised it by jugs hung on a revolving wheel; others threw it up with a pail, while others were shoveling it up. The air as we rode into Cairo was like a June morning, only dry; here all coughs

and colds disappear; no throat troubles, no catarrh; they are all left behind, and we can count on a clear sky every day. We alighted from the train at Cairo at 5 P. M., and went direct to Shepheard's Hotel, one of the noted hostelries of the world. We find the fellows who call themselves dragomen or guides very annoying in their persistent following of us, one on each side, one at rear, and often one in front, thrusting their cards and recommendations in our faces. It is as much as one's life is worth to step out of the hotel, as they hang around in swarms. A policeman in full uniform and sword asked me for backsheesh (money); he said he was looking out for my safety, although I was not aware of it before. I gave him four cents, and made him happy.

The first day we walked out to the Nile and to the fine bridge which crosses the river, the only one at Cairo. It is a fine river of about one-third the average flow of water in our Mississippi, and about as muddy as the Missouri, but differs from the latter in that while the sediment of the Missouri is pure sand, the sediment of the Nile is vegetable matter and enriches the land which it overflows. Large warehouses of stone and brick come down to the river's edge on the Cairo side, and sailing vessels and steamers ply up and down. It presents a busy scene, more modern than I expected to see. The one bridge across the Nile is

SAKKIYAH (WATER-WHEEL), EGYPT

a fine stone structure, and is all the time crowded to its fullest capacity with long strings of camels, and the ordinary two-wheeled carts of the natives mingled with the fine equipages of the nobility, with two black runners leading and clearing the way.

One evening we joined a party made up at Shepheard's and visited a mosque and witnessed the performance of the howling and whirling dervishes, it being their religious service. There were about thirty performers; two had green bands around their heads, and these were supposed to be descendants of the Prophet. The sheik wore a white band. There were four with very long hair; these were the principal performers, and they commenced with a sort of chant and gentle swaying of their bodies. This motion is gradually increased till it becomes violent. They make a noise with their mouths and throats, like the exhaust from a steam engine. This and the swaying of the bodies is all in perfect time together. One stands in the centre on a raised platform, the others in a semicircle around; the one in the centre at times spins around rapidly and violently for five minutes or over, till exhausted.

Friday, December 20, 1901. We rode out to the Pyramids and Sphinx on an electric car, one hour's ride, about eight miles; we had heard a good deal about the guides out there, and had been advised

to get on a camel as soon as we left the car, but H. and I decided to engage the first good-looking guide who presented himself, on condition that he keep the others away. So we did that, and as it happened he proved a good one. His name was Farag Aly Suleiman. The way he laid his stick on the other fellows was a caution; he kept them at a fairly good distance. He engaged two camels for us. They were made to kneel down, and we mounted them and ascended the hill to the great pyramid, Cheops, and to the Sphinx. We went down into the Temple of the Sphinx, which has been excavated, showing the great stones 15 × 5 feet square, brought a hundred miles from the quarry. The Sphinx, as is well known, is partly buried in the sand, and its face disfigured by the ravages of time. It resembles the pictures of it, and on the whole has a rather imposing appearance. The great pyramid, Cheops, is 470 feet in height and 760 feet square at the base, the sides facing the four points of the compass. We did not go to the top, only part way up. The covering stones have all been taken to Cairo in centuries past and used there to build mosques. It is estimated that it took the labor of one hundred thousand men for thirty years to build Cheops, the greatest single work of human hands. All the guides remember Mark Twain, not from his books, but because he went up to the top of

Cheops without a guide or help, and then, to show what he could do, went up to the top of the smaller pyramid near by.

The guides and beggars all followed us down to the car. Our guide tried to beat them off, but they, finding they could get no more money out of us, beset the guide for a commission on what he was getting, and just as the car started back for Cairo they pulled him off, and the last we saw he was fighting in the middle of an excited crowd of Arabs. Next day he came to our hotel for his pay, and said he and one other were arrested, but he was released and the other was put in jail, where he was when we left Cairo two weeks later.

Taking donkeys to the Nile bridge, and from there a tram-car, we visited the Gizeh Museum, two miles from Cairo. This is an unrivaled museum of Egyptian antiquities; it contains a great many mummies. Among these we saw those of Rameses I, II, and III. These all showed a family resemblance in having a very prominent hooked or Roman nose. Here is a stone boat of the same fashion as those now used, dovetailed and pinned together with wooden pins. Two boats are shown — thirty feet long, oars in the boat and rowlocks; these boats were buried in the sand of the desert thousands of years ago. All of the antiquities in the museum are not less

than three to four thousand years old, and among them are many articles of gold of fine workmanship. In the park connected with the museum is a zoölogical garden.

December 22. At Cairo we took the train twenty miles to a station two miles from old Memphis. On the way we passed Gizeh, where Joseph's brothers went to buy corn. Arrived at station at 9 A. M.; found the usual horde of guides and donkeys. After haggling as to price for three quarters of an hour, we each mounted a donkey, and, with the driver and a following of Arabs, we left for Memphis. We passed through a village, the walls of the houses of which were made of mud mixed with straw, about as dirty and uninteresting a village as one could imagine. We passed and met strings of camels loaded with produce and freight, and donkeys trotting along at an easy gait. The roads are all embankments, raised above the level of the annual inundations of the Nile.

After a ride on donkeys of over two miles we came to the ruins of old Memphis, the site of the oldest city of Egypt, founded four thousand years before the Christian era. It is now but a mound or hill of débris, all overgrown by the date palm ; here and there is a faint outline of a street or lane. Here are two huge reclining figures in marble, 35 feet long, which were exca-

THE GREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX

vated from the place where the temple stood, and which are in a good state of preservation. Returned to Cairo at 12 M.

These Arabs and Egyptians do not understand the English language very well. They think they know a few words. When one of them gets too persistent and has followed us a quarter of a mile or more, and keeps right under our nose and prevents our seeing anything or conversing with each other, and we get all out of patience and tell him to "Get out," and threaten him with our canes, he will answer, "Thank you; see you to-morrow." At the station going to Memphis H. did put his cane onto one donkey boy that was trying to pull him off and make him take his donkey. The principal street in Cairo for retail business and small manufacturers is called the Muskee. Here and on streets leading from it are the bazaars, stores filled with a great variety of goods, costly rugs, carpets, and laces. Most of these streets are very narrow. The width of one was just twice the length of my cane, including sidewalks, and on each side were little stores and workshops, the people making and selling jewelry and trinkets, the street itself crowded with a mass of humanity, gesticulating and noisy. This was a fair sample of most of the streets in this city of over six hundred thousand people, most of whom live and do business in such narrow quarters. Of

course, where the large hotels are and large business blocks, and in the vicinity of the parks, there are wide streets, well paved and well taken care of. With so large an area of cramped, dirty streets and quarters, we think it must be unhealthy. But about the time the microbes and germs which are in the soil and air of these unhealthy countries we visit find out that we have arrived in a city, and, getting us located, organize and choose their committees to wait upon us, we are off to some other city or country, and thereby keep our health. Dr. Wyman tells us that many dead are found in the streets, that the city officers have them picked up each morning. A great many of the people have no homes, and when sick, or when they die, they drop in the streets.

We visited the Citadel, which is on a hill, where a fine view of Cairo and the Nile valley is had. Near the Citadel is the Alabaster Mosque, which we entered after having slippers put on over our shoes. At the Citadel is a wall 50 feet high, over which the Mameluke chief jumped his horse and escaped, when pursued by the soldiers of Napoleon. Nearby we were shown the well which is said to have been made by Joseph. From here we drove to the tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes; we were shown the fine mausoleum of the father of the present khedive. Thence our

route lay through a sandy plain, a portion of the desert, filled with pieces of old pottery and brick, which the guide said were remains from old Roman houses. We got a taste of the sandy desert here. The wind blew hard and filled the air with fine sand, which had the appearance of clouds or fog. We passed through old Cairo to the Island of Roda, where is the Nilometer used for centuries to mark the annual rise of the Nile; as the height to which the water rose in the annual inundations meant and means to-day to the people of Egypt either plenty or famine. Near this Nilometer, and on the Island of Roda, tradition has it that Moses was found in the bulrushes by the daughter of Pharaoh, and near here the battle of the Nile was fought by Napoleon. An odd sight was that of a man grinding corn with a set of stones about eighteen inches in diameter, by turning the upper stone by means of a handle. We passed an Egyptian funeral, the women wailing and with faces covered except the eyes.

December 27. We rode a few miles out of Cairo to the obelisk of Heliopolis, the oldest in existence. It was looked upon by Moses, Plato, and Herodotus, and is about six feet square and 80 feet in height. The annual rise of the Nile has raised the ground so that the base is now ten feet below the general surface, and the ground has been excavated, showing the base, to which

steps lead. The column appears to be one stone, with inscriptions on four sides. Not far from here is the Virgin's tree, so-called because it is said that within its hollow trunk Mary and the child Jesus took refuge during the flight into Egypt. It is inclosed by a cement stone wall; the trunk near the ground is about 30 feet in circumference; the whole tree has the appearance of great age; the trunk and large limbs are covered with signatures. They say this is not the original tree, this having been planted about a thousand years ago in place of the original one. On the way back to Cairo we visited an ostrich farm containing one thousand five hundred ostriches; some were twenty-five years old; they will live to the age of forty years. We noticed a few very large and tall; they were at least ten feet tall in their stockings. One ostrich was sitting on eggs. In doing this work the males and females take turns of four hours each. The Arab keeper of this farm had one ostrich trained; it would lie down and get up at his word of command, and would go through a performance in imitation of the howling and whirling dervishes. We passed the palace and stables of the khedive, surrounded by extensive grounds. On the road we saw forty men pulling a steam road-roller. This is a hint to Jackson when Leominster gives him a steam roller to use on the roads.

ARAB BOY AND DONKEY

Arab guides and street fakirs are quick-witted and appreciate a joke. We were being pestered as we walked along a street in Cairo by several Arab bootblacks — real street Arabs. Pointing with my cane to the bare black feet of one, I asked him why he did not shine them? "Oh," he says, "them 's finished." Then the whole crowd followed us a block, laughing and joking and asking us for backsheesh, as they will do if any notice is taken of them. The street in Cairo where Shepheard's Hotel is, presents a sight that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. On the large veranda, roofed with iron and glass, we can sit contentedly for hours — no draught, no hot sun — and look at the fascinating sights in the street. Carriages of all kinds whirl by: a splendid barouche, perhaps, occupied by a dark-complexioned man, wearing the fez, and by his side a lady with face covered, except the eyes, by a thin gauze veil, two tall blacks in white running on in advance of the horses, barefoot, with staves in their hands to clear the way. They easily keep out of the way of the horses, though going a fast gait. It is said they can run fifty miles a day. Only the khedive or members of his family can have two; lesser members of the nobility can have one only; all others none. Then, in the continuous procession by Shepheard's, comes an Arab leading a donkey hitched to a cart containing

four or five wives, each holding in her arms a baby. Arabs, Egyptians, peddlers, are mixed with travelers from all parts of the world. On the sidewalk there may be a Hindoo juggler performing with a deadly cobra snake and monkey. It is an endless, fascinating, moving panorama. Carriage hire is very cheap in Cairo — twenty-five cents an hour for two persons. On our chamber door at Shepheard's the notice reads: —

"Ring once for maid.

"Ring twice for waiter.

"Ring three times for Arab."

And the Arab was the most serviceable, answering the bell at once, coming in noiselessly with bare feet, making no more noise about the room than would a cat.

December 28. Went down the Nile on the Cook steamer about fifteen miles to the Barrage, a great dam built across the Nile at a cost of ten million dollars, by the Egyptian government, some sixty years ago, just above the Delta, where the numerous branches of the river branch off to the sea at Alexandria. This dam keeps the water high, so as better to fill the irrigating canals, two of which, of great size, leave the river just above the dam, one in the direction of Alexandria and one in the direction of Port Said. The water is never allowed to flow over the top of the dam, but is regulated by a great many gates. There is

a narrow-gauge tram-road, owned by T. Cook & Son, which runs the whole length of the dam, over which the eleven in the party were pushed in three cars by Arabs, two to each car. There are two dams, one over the main river, and one over another channel. There is a fine government park connected with the dam on the island, between the two channels. The Nile, main river, is one third of a mile wide.

Mr. Johnson, United States irrigation commissioner, stopping at Shepheard's, tells me that but one half to one inch of rain falls per annum in Egypt.

CHAPTER V

INDIA

December 31, 1901, after a two weeks' stop, we left Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel for Port Said, to take P. & O. steamer Caledonia for Bombay. We had engaged our cabins for this steamer in September, before leaving Boston, and she was due to arrive at Port Said from London for Bombay December 31, and to leave Port Said January 1, 1902. At the end of the first week at Shepheard's the bill for board was sent to our room, and as we looked at the footing we were dumfounded,—"1300 piasters"! We began to reckon up how much money we had, and to wonder whether we had not better return if we should have money enough left to do so after paying this bill; but when we found a piaster was only five cents, making sixty-five dollars for one week for both, we felt better and decided to continue our journey.

As we got into the bus at Shepheard's to go to the train that was to take us to Port Said, in the crowd that always assembles on the veranda and on the sidewalk when guests are leaving for their long journey, either to the east or the west, we saw our guide, Aly Suleiman, whom we had

employed many times. He waved us good-by with a sort of wistful look, as though he would like to go with us and in America better his condition; in fact, he had asked us to take him with us. We left Cairo at 11 and arrived at Port Said at 5 P. M. We found the Caledonia had arrived, and went aboard. The steamer is 7080 tons, and we each have a stateroom on the hurricane deck, the best on the steamer, being cooler than those between decks. I can lie in my berth and see through the open door the sea go by, or the sun rise, or early in the morning the Hindoo deck-hands washing down decks, some of them with beards dyed a bright red, showing they have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

As we pass along the Suez Canal, Arab men and boys run along either bank, asking the passengers for backsheesh; if an orange is thrown and falls short they will off with the few clothes they wear and swim out and get it. Many of the passengers are English, in the government service in India. At our table we are placed with English army officers and their families returning to India from their furloughs, and it is rather difficult for us to understand them, their accent is so peculiarly English and they speak so rapidly.

January 1. There are games on board ship, in which the sailors take part — potato races, etc.; in the evening there are recitations, music, etc.

Passing down the Gulf of Suez, on one side we can plainly see Africa, on the other Asia, all a sandy, barren desert. Sahara on one side, on the other the Arabian desert. Each day the captain holds an inspection, at which time he requests all passengers who have any complaints to make to make them. This morning I found a dead cockroach in the apple sauce. I think I should not have said anything about it, but on the steamer from Brindisi to Port Said, same P. & O. line, I poured out of the wine bottle a very large, plump cockroach. The weather is fine, temperature just right, a smooth sea.

After passing through the Red Sea we reached Aden, Sunday, January 5, at 7 P. M. Here the steamer left and took on the mail that was to be transferred at this point. Aden is at the southern end of Arabia, not far from the coast of Africa, off Abyssinia, and many natives come in boats to the ship, which is anchored in the harbor, a mile from the landing. Some of the natives come on board, with ostrich feathers, baskets, necklaces, ostrich eggs, and many such things for sale. They seem to be a mixture of Arabs and negroes. They ask at first about four times the price they finally accept. Aden is only a coaling station, where the mails are transferred to other steamers. It must be a lonesome place to live in.

Monday, January 6. We are passing out of

NATIVE HUT, BOMBAY

the Gulf of Aden into the Arabian Sea. The water is as smooth as glass; we could play billiards on the deck. We see dolphins, whales, flying-fish. The days are perfect. Passengers while away the hours and days by playing games, reading, conversing, lounging, or walking the deck. One evening the first cabin passengers had a dance on the promenade deck, which was festooned with flags and lighted by electric lanterns. Refreshments were served, and they tried the American two-step waltz, but I noticed only one couple who could do it well. On one evening we were treated to a concert, given by sailors of the British navy, many of whom are passengers on their way to India.

Friday, January 10, about 12 M., we came in sight of land — India — and in one hour we came to anchor in the harbor of Bombay, one mile from the landing. It is a fine harbor, and in it and around it are many large islands. As soon as the ship was anchored she was surrounded by boats, and natives came on board; among them was, as usual, a representative of T. Cook & Son with a bunch of letters, one of which was for me. It resembled a telegraph message; for a few minutes I was very anxious, for no one likes to get a telegram so far away from home; but on opening the envelope it proved to be a notice from the office of T. Cook & Son, in Bombay, that letters

were awaiting me there. This shows how well they look out for their customers. The list of passengers must have been telegraphed to them from Port Said or Aden. Their agent took charge of our baggage and later it was sent to our hotel; it went through the customs without any trouble for us. T. Cook & Son have offices in all the large cities of the world on the main lines of travel, containing reading-rooms, a mailing department, money department, and an information bureau, all of which are at the service of their patrons. At Bombay we went to the Esplanade Hotel; our room was a large one, looking out on two parks and wide streets, with a view of the sea; being on the north side, it was comparatively cool and airy; price $1.62 each per day, including everything; and this is one of the two best hotels in the city. Here we get our first real glimpse of tropical, Oriental life. Life on the street and in the hotel differs from anything we have before seen. At 9 P. M. the mercury in the hotel office stood at 84 degrees. The first evening in our room we had many callers — first came a native in bare feet and bare legs, bringing up my trunk on his head three flights: it weighed over a hundred pounds; then another native wanted us to engage him as our servant while in India; then another appeared with a receipt for me to sign; another to get

our laundry; one with a message which proved, fortunately, to be for some one else; another came for half a rupee for something or other he had done for us; we never knew what it was. I was interrupted many times in finishing a letter to go on the next day's steamer. Servants of the hotel seem to be everywhere, all with bare feet, with the scantiest clothing, and slight, thin bodies; in the evening we pass them making up their little beds on the edge of the sidewalks, as most of them sleep out of doors, for even in this, the coldest season of the year, the mercury ranges from 70 to 85 degrees. A funny sight to us was the little bullocks hitched to a two-wheeled cart, trotting along the streets, guided by a native with a stick. There is a hump on their shoulders, and their horns lie back on that hump. All the baggage was brought to the hotel by these bullocks. There seems to be the same old crowd in the streets as at Cairo — of guides, servants, peddlers, jugglers, snake-charmers. We found it so warm that we had to invest at once in thin clothing, and ordered a suit of all-wool thin cashmere at ten in the morning, made to order; it was brought to our hotel at three in the afternoon of the same day — price eight dollars.

January 12. We went in a small steamer to an island, some fifteen miles across the bay, where are the celebrated caves of Elephanta. These caves

were dug out of the solid rock some thousands of years ago. Columns, figures of elephants, and of Hindoo deities have been carved out of the rock, and the whole shows signs of great age and is crumbling to pieces, the columns having to be strengthened by bands of iron. The excavation does not extend far enough to require artificial light. There was nothing about these caves that seemed to me to warrant their celebrity; their great age and the superstitious awe with which they are regarded by the natives are the main features of interest. In going from and returning to the boat we were beset by a horde of nearly naked beggars. We threw them a few small pieces of silver, and they fought for them as half-starved dogs would for a piece of meat, following the boat out as far as they could go in the mud and water. On our way to these caves we crossed the harbor or bay of Bombay, which is one of the best and largest in the world.

One day we rode out to the Victoria Zoölogical gardens of Bombay, which are very fine. It being a holiday, there were great crowds of natives in brilliant costumes, groups of families, parents and children, all seeming to be having a good time, and happy — all with bare feet. A young fellow was our guide around the gardens, and he felt his importance immensely; the way he would drive the natives away from the cages of the animals so

BULLOCK CART, BOMBAY

as to make room for us was worth seeing. We were the only white persons among the thousands, and they all made way for us.

In the park is the museum building, containing skeletons of birds and animals of all kinds, skins, rare coins, and gems; we saw one skeleton of some ancient animal some eighty feet in length. The building contained many curiosities and was crowded with natives, who, at a word from our native guide, stood aside as we came up to see the things of interest. From here we rode to the Tower of Silence, on Malabar Hill, where the Parsees dispose of their dead. The bodies are placed on a grating on the top of the building or tower, some three or four each night, about two o'clock, for vultures to eat. They come and pick off the flesh in a few minutes, and the bones fall through to the bottom, and, as the Parsees claim and desire, mingle with the bones of their ancestors. A row of ten or twelve vultures was sitting on the roof of the building, and hundreds of others were roosting on the trees in the vicinity, — big, black, filthy-looking creatures. I was glad to leave the place, though the memory haunted me for days, of the black vultures sitting in the tops of trees around, once in a while one lazily flying a short distance; all waiting for their horrible feast to come in the night. The whole thing seemed to me simply horrible, and yet the Par-

sees are the most intelligent and wealthiest of the native inhabitants of Bombay, being the business men of the city; they are called the "Jews of India."

From the top of Malabar Hill a splendid view of Bombay is had; this is the fashionable residential part of the city. The ride from here, along the shores of the bay, just at sunset, was fine, the deep, golden red rays lighting up the waters of the bay. On our way we passed the so-called cemetery of the native Hindoos, where their dead are cremated. We saw many women and girls carrying mortar, stones, and brick, in baskets on their heads to the top of tall buildings which were being built; also men sawing, by hand, boards from timber, and slabs of marble and stone. Human labor seems to be the cheapest thing in India.

The men wear a short tunic and drawers, coming about one third down to the knee, and a breech-cloth; I have seen boys fourteen years old with only the latter. There are many more servants employed than would be needed to do the same work in the United States. In going to our room in the hotel we almost stumble over them, lying in the passageways in front of the rooms. We have one assigned especially to us.

Although I have seen a modern street sprinkler, the sprinkling is generally done by a native

with a hog or goat skin slung over his back, filled with water, which he squirts around over the street as he walks along. The bullocks used on the streets are great travelers; our horse team was several times passed by them, trotting along at good speed, with a load of jolly natives in the funny two-wheeled cart.

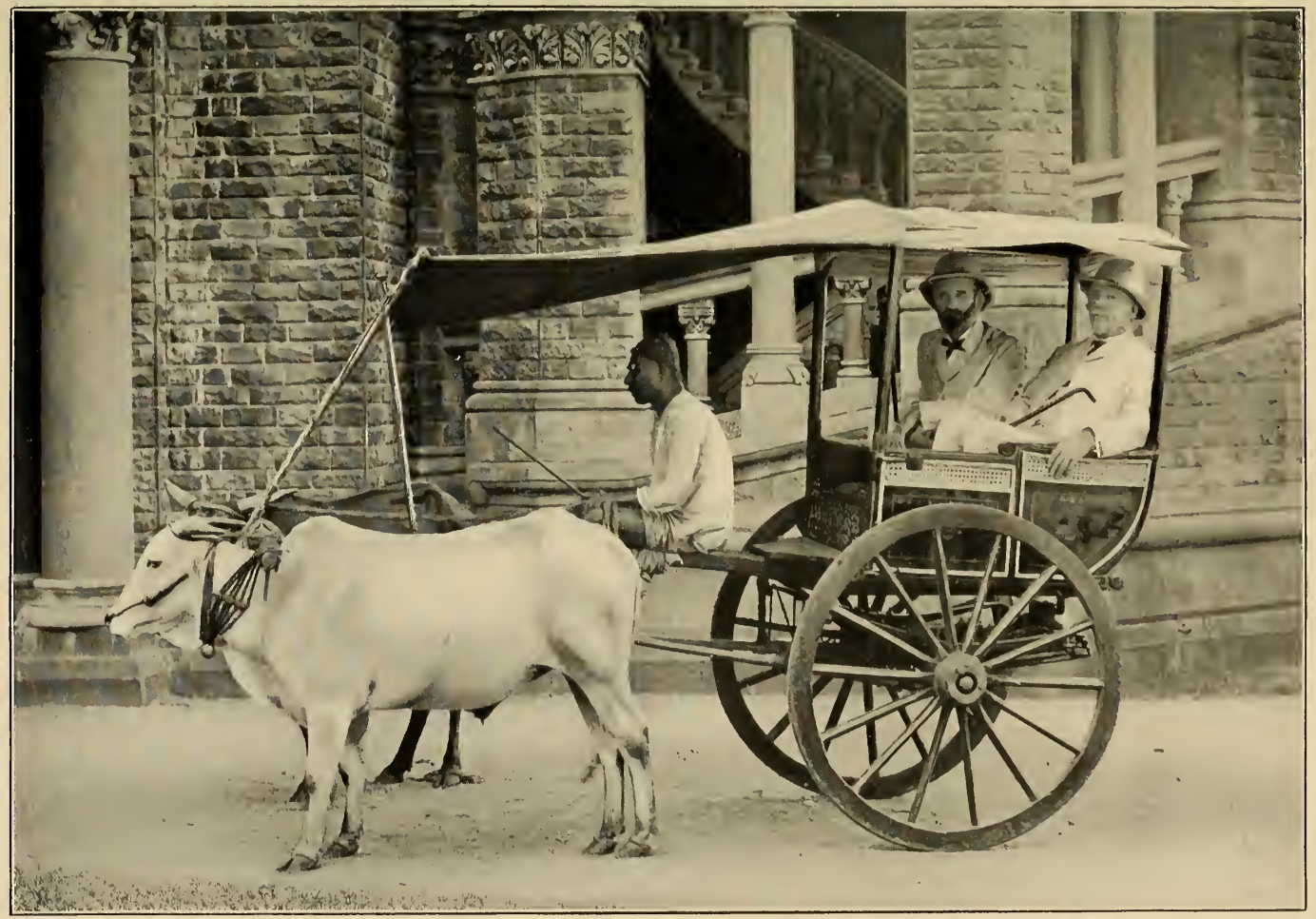
The natives call us "sahib" or "master." One peddler of cards of postage stamps ran along by our side, saying in broken English, "Master, buy! very cheap, Master!" After he had kept it up a block or two, thinking to get rid of him I turned on him and said, "Slave, me want none, get out!" But it had a different effect than I expected; he took it as a compliment, and redoubled his efforts to sell to us.

I have seen so many old things, ruins, etc., hoary with antiquity, in Egypt and India, that I was filled with joy the other night to get a glimpse of the new moon. I do not feel exactly at home if I sleep in a hotel less than three thousand years old. While booking my name at a hotel, I thoughtlessly asked the proprietor under which dynasty the building was erected, and in which century it became a ruin. He took it as a compliment, and said he knew it was not as old as it ought to be, but it was growing older every day.

January 15, 1902. Dr. Wyman and wife of De-

troit go to-day and we are very sorry to part with them, as we have been with them a great deal and they are very pleasant companions. We leave at 8.30 P. M. for Benares. Bought a bed (a sort of quilt), pillow, and towel to use on the cars, as these things are not furnished by the railway company. From thirty-five to sixty are dying each twenty-four hours in Bombay of the plague; all are the poorer class of natives. When the disease breaks out in a house, all the inmates of that house and others in the vicinity are removed to large tents in the parks and vacant lots, and isolated. We see these tents all over the city; there are a hundred within a short distance of our hotel.

Took train at 8.30 P. M. from the Victoria Railway Station, one of the finest — if not the finest — in the world; the exterior is like a great cathedral, with its spires, towers, and domes; the whole is in a large park, with extensive lawns, shrubs, and flower beds. As Bombay is quarantined, we were examined in our compartment on the train, before leaving, by a physician. We had a compartment to ourselves; it was 9 × 18 feet, and had a door opening into a servants' room and one into a large lavatory. The best railway accommodations yet — a fine roadbed ballasted with broken rock. At one of the stations in the farming district I overheard a station agent say to an official on the road, " There is a tiger over here; killed a



BULLOCK TEAM, BOMBAY

family two days ago." We see many wild monkeys; they are not molested by the natives, being considered by them as sacred. Many of the water courses seem dried up, and are used in many cases for roads. The wheat, of which there are large tracts, is only ten inches high, and heading out at that. Much of the land seems burned up, and no wonder, as in many places there has been no rain for from two to four years; but there are also large tracts that appear green and well cultivated, in good condition. The cattle look better than in Egypt. Near and around Benares the crops look much better than back towards Bombay, as they have had rain this last summer — no more will now be expected, anywhere, before June. We arrived at Mogul Serai at 4 A. M., Friday, January 17, after a very comfortable ride of thirty-one hours. At this station we changed cars for Benares, — twenty minutes' ride. Arrived at Benares at 9.30 A. M.; should have arrived at 6.30, but a station man put us into a car at Mogul Serai and said it was going to Benares at 6. At that time we found ourselves pulled out a mile, when we learned that the car was not going, so had a servant take our luggage on his head, to the station, a mile away, and we followed on foot, just too late to catch the 6 o'clock train.

At Benares we went to Hôtel de Paris, a good,

neat-looking, one-story house, built of stone, long and low, and with nice broad verandas. As our time was limited we took a carriage at once, with driver, guide, and outrider behind, rode to the famous river Ganges, and took a boat up and down the river; it was a great sight. The banks are lined with temples and residences, all with long flights of stone steps leading down to the river. Thousands of people, men, women, and children, were bathing in and drinking the water, which was very filthy. The Hindoos consider the river holy, and believe that if their bodies, after death, or their ashes, are cast into the river, they are sure to go to heaven. Some bodies are weighted with stones and then thrown in; others are consumed with fire, and the ashes thrown in. We saw dead bodies being burned on the edge of the river in a pile of burning wood, and others done up in cloth, in a pile of wood, ready for the match. The temples here — which have been lauded so highly by Stoddard and other writers — did not impress me very much. The greatest sight was the people from all parts of India who crowded the shores of the river, some in good health, some but skin and bones, dragging themselves here to die by the sacred river. Some rich, coming with carriages and servants, some in very scanty clothing, and beggars, all joining together in the waters of the (to them) holy river Ganges.

We went into the Golden Temple, so called from the amount of gold used in the dome and other parts, estimated to be worth fifteen hundred thousand dollars. We saw the famous car of Juggernaut, under the wheels of which so many fanatics have thrown themselves and been crushed to death; this is not now allowed by the government. The car is drawn through the streets twice each year by fifty natives; it has twenty-five wheels; there are seats on top and in front, for men dressed to represent the Hindoo deities. The whole is gilded heavily. We went to the famous monkey temple, where hundreds, if not thousands, of monkeys are kept, being considered sacred. There is a large reservoir of water, walled with cut stone, for the monkeys to bathe in; it is an acre in extent. Before we went into the temple we had to buy ten cents' worth of grain to feed them with; they came around us by dozens and pulled the dish from our hands. In the grounds of some of the temples sacred white bulls were wandering around at their own sweet will. It is very strange and to me incomprehensible that such things can be. What strange things men will do in the name of religion! These people must be sincere believers in their religion, but misled by centuries of false teaching. Benares is the oldest city in the world, and was at the height of its prosperity a thousand

years before Christ; it is the holiest city of the Hindoos, being the birthplace of the religion of Buddha.

India is subject to periodical droughts of great severity, and so the English government has built and has under way the greatest system of irrigating canals and reservoirs of any country in the world. The mighty range of mountains on the north, the Himalayas, covered with melting snows, and the heavy rains that fall at certain seasons upon the lower slopes and foothills of these mountains, afford a vast supply of water for storage in the reservoirs. When the system is complete, the severe droughts that periodically afflict the agricultural portion of India, causing the death of millions, will be largely remedied by irrigation.

January 18, at 3 A. M. we took the train at Benares for Calcutta; we had a compartment to ourselves all the way. On each side, stretching far away, were great fields of wheat, tea, jute, castor bean, and indigo. The country looked better than from Bombay to Benares; not so dried up. Our line of travel lay most of the way down the valley of the Ganges, which we crossed several times, arriving at Calcutta at 6.45 P. M., on time. India roads seem to be run more like our American roads, starting on time and keeping up to the schedule. We went at once to Mrs.

BURNING GHAT, BENARES

Monk's Grand Hotel, which is called the best in Calcutta, and were told that all the rooms were engaged, but they could give us a tent on the roof. After looking at it and having another cot put in it for H., we decided to stay. We had a servant assigned to us named Abdul, to whom we pay one rupee per day (32 cents), and he boards himself. He waits on us all the time, looks after our room, often lying on a rug at our room door, like a dog, blacks our shoes, waits on us at table, and when we ride out, he jumps on the seat by the driver. At dinner there was a great deal of dress for such an ordinary hotel — men all in dress-suits. We have every convenience in our tent on the roof, but rather crude. The roof is solid stone and cement; the tent is double. We had a very good first night's sleep for such quarters. We could look out of the tent in the early morning from our beds and see the black birds that look like crows and act as scavengers (being on that account unmolested), roosting on the roof and chimneys and looking at us with apparent curiosity. We rather like the tent, for it is quiet and airy. H. remarked, "What if a Nebraska tornado should strike us in the night!"

Sunday, January 19. We went to the site of old Fort William, near the fine post-office building. The fort was the place where so many British citizens were confined over night and suffocated

for want of air,— otherwise known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. The following inscription is on a building covering part of the site: "The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, viceroy and governor-general of India, in 1901, to mark the site of the prison in old Fort William, known as the Black Hole, in which 146 inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive. The pavement marks the exact width of the prison, 14 feet 10 in., but not its full length, 18 ft., about one-third of the area at the north end being covered by the building on which this tablet is fixed." We called on the United States consul-general, Pattison, and found him very agreeable, and willing to be of any service to us. He says the park in front of our hotel is three miles long by one mile wide; the best residences are near it and there are many monuments in it. The government residence, occupied by the governor-general of India, is at one end, and is a very handsome building, surrounded by extensive and beautiful grounds, at the entrances to which are stationed British soldiers in bright red uniforms.

January 21. We engaged a carriage and rode across the Ganges to the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, in which is the "great Banyan tree," which those who attended school fifty years ago have

read about and seen illustrated in our geographies. The following is the inscription on it: "The great Banyan tree, native of India; this tree is about 131 years old; the circumference of its trunk at 5 1-2 feet from the ground is 51 feet and of its crown about 938 feet; its height is 85 feet; it has 464 aerial roots actually rooted in the ground December, 1900." The gardens are filled with a variety of native trees, a great many palms, and there are long avenues of palm-trees. Saw the palace where the king of Oude was kept by the British after the insurrection at Lucknow and Cawnpore was put down. The king died some eleven years ago. Here he lived, with a great many wives, and surrounded by hundreds of retainers and slaves, and made a great collection of wild beasts and birds. These accumulations (wild beasts and birds) have been sold by the British government, which supplied him while living with six hundred thousand dollars per annum.

January 22. We visited some jewelers' workshops in the native quarter of the city, and saw the native workers in gold and silver working in crude but skillful fashion, the figures being finely chased. We visited the Imperial Museum. Here is a very large and fine collection of stuffed animals of all kinds, native to India; a fine collection of carved woods and ivory, India rugs,

minerals, and skeletons of all animals known to India — I think the finest collection and the most instructive I have ever seen, and arranged admirably. I have been several times handed a telegraphic message by a native messenger on the street, who asked, by signs, if it was for me, which goes to show how few white people there are in Calcutta — a city of a million people — compared to the natives. Bought round-trip ticket to Darjeeling and return, 66 rupees; also round trip for Abdul, our boy, or servant, 14 rupees, being only $4.50 for 700 miles of railway for a servant.

The cost of a carriage, two horses, driver, and footman, carrying us and servant, in India is one rupee (thirty-two cents) per hour. I have seen nine men carrying a large piano on their heads through the streets in Calcutta. Almost all of the freight is conveyed through the streets in this way.

January 24. Took train at 4 P. M. for Darjeeling, 350 miles distant from Calcutta, in the Himalaya Mountains. At 8 P. M. we changed from train to boat on the Ganges River; had dinner on boat, then changed to sleeper on train. 25th, at 7 A. M., we changed to narrow-gauge road, and arrived at Darjeeling at 1 P. M., after riding 350 miles and climbing 7400 feet. The scenery along the route was wild, beautiful, and tropical: high

GREAT BANYAN TREE, CALCUTTA

ridges and deep gorges on each side, covered with dense tropical forests, and snow-covered mountains in the distance. Before arriving at Darjeeling it became quite cold, and overcoats and wraps were needed. At Darjeeling we went to Woodland Hotel and found a good fire in our rooms. Abdul looks after our baggage and rooms. He does not like the cold here. The beds at Woodland's Hotel were a fair sample of the beds in India. For a joke I placed in the centre of H.'s bed, crossways under the sheet, a 60-penny iron spike, but he never noticed it, and in the morning when I pulled it out and showed it to him, he said he thought he noticed a soft spot in the bed. There were so many other places so much worse that the spike actually seemed soft and like down. On the morning of the 26th the sun shone brightly, and we went up on Observatory Hill and had a very fine view of the magnificent Himalayas, with Mount Everest in the distance, 120 miles away, and 29,000 feet high, — highest in the world, — Kinchin-Jinga, the second highest, being 28,156 feet elevation, and only forty miles distant. The view was simply incomparable; the deep valley at our feet, some 2000 feet lower, then the mountains, rising, peak on peak, up to the matchless peaks of Everest and Kinchin-Jinga, covered with eternal snow, and where the foot of no living thing had ever

trod. Through a glass we could distinctly see glaciers. Darjeeling is one of the most picturesque spots in India, built on the sides of mountains, the streets and buildings one above another, a tremendous deep gorge, or gorges, below, and in the distance the matchless Himalayas, snow-clad more than halfway down. The natives are a mixture of Chinese, Indians, and Thibetans, and are a stronger class than those on the plains below. The charge for taking me in a sedan chair — six men — to a high hill and back — twelve miles, round trip — is five rupees, and for one horse, with one man, to take me to same place on horseback, is four rupees, taking about five hours; which shows that the labor of a man is much cheaper than that of a horse in this country. We see women and young girls carrying, for a mile or more, on their heads, baskets of stone and dirt for the repairing and building of roads; and carrying brick and stone up to the tops of high buildings. Saw one slender girl (my cane just came up under her ear) carrying baskets of dirt on her head for road work, for eight cents a day. Saw babies not four months old, lying in baskets, the mothers working, shoveling, hoeing, and carrying heavy loads on their heads. At Darjeeling we had a feeling almost of home-sickness. We seemed to be not only on the opposite side of the earth but up in the clouds,

not in contact with the earth; it seemed farther from America and home than any other place on our trip. Our servant, "Ab," supports his mother, wife, two children, and himself in Calcutta on the one rupee he gets a day. Here at Darjeeling, among the snow-covered Himalayas, he is not used to the cold, and is almost frozen all of the time, though we gave him in Calcutta, before leaving for this mountainous country, three dollars with which to buy thick blankets. Often we let him into our room by the fire to thaw out. One evening H. and I whistled and sang "Home, Sweet Home," to him, as only H. and I *can* do it.

The Hindoos, by centuries of hunger and oppression, have had all sense of humor driven out of them. Our Ab has straight hair and features, is slightly built, has large, dark, sad eyes, and a copper-colored skin, and when we sang that tune to him and tried to explain that it meant our home, twelve thousand five hundred miles away, and his home in Calcutta, where, as he says, are his "mudder, wife, two chidden," we thought we detected a faint smile around those sad eyes that had never shown a smile before; any way, he soon left the room and went out and lay down on the cold, cold ground. Our music was too much for him.

When Ab waits upon us at meals he dresses up

in a spotless white robe, with green sash, black turban, and bare feet.

Darjeeling is not far from the boundaries of Thibet, Persia, China, Burmah, and here we see types of the natives of all these countries, as well as of India; there are more varieties of types here than in any other spot on the globe, as we were informed by Mr. Oscar Browning, professor of history in Oxford University, and guest of the Viceroy of India at Calcutta.

January 29. Were carried in a sedan chair, on the heads of four men, to the post-office, botanical gardens, cemetery, and to a place where, in 1899, there was a landslide caused by tremendous rains — twenty-eight inches falling in twenty-four hours — that carried away houses and roads, destroying many lives. It is a fearful-looking place, sloping almost perpendicularly into a valley thousands of feet deep.

January 30. We left Darjeeling at 11 A. M. on the little narrow-gauge road, — $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet gauge, — and the ride down was even more wonderful than going up, over the wonderful curves, loops, and switch-backs. One loop passes around a house one and a half times, dropping in the distance fifty feet. The road is fifty miles long, but does the climbing in forty-three miles, rising seventy-four hundred feet. The engine backs down the grade, consuming two hours' more

ABDUL

time than was taken in going up. The morning we left Darjeeling we were favored with the finest view of the Himalayas and Kinchin-Jinga we had had. The clouds covering the base of the mountains, their white summits visible above, seemed to be coming out of the sky, and a part of the heavens above instead of the earth below.

January 31. Arrived at the river Ganges at 5.30 A. M.; crossed in a steamer and took a train for Calcutta, which we reached at 11 A. M.,— three hundred miles by wide gauge and fifty by narrow-gauge railway.

February 3. Went over to the zoölogical gardens. There was a good collection of animals native to India, some very fine specimens of tigers, the finest I ever saw, very large and handsome. Tigers abound in the section below Calcutta to the sea, in the delta of the numerous outlets of the Ganges.

February 4. At 4 P. M. left hotel and went aboard the P. & O. steamer Formosa, bound for Colombo, Ceylon. Good-by to India and to our faithful servant, Abdul. Who will now bring us hot tea in the morning before we are up, black our shoes, and wait upon us, insisting on dressing and undressing us, whether we want him to or not? Keeping guard over our rooms and over ourselves, Abdul was a servant and not a porter,

and his caste did not allow him to carry baggage, and so he would at a railway station call a porter to carry our trunks and even our hand baggage, which at home we would not be ashamed to carry ourselves.

CHAPTER VI

CEYLON AND SINGAPORE

FEBRUARY 4, 1902, we boarded the steamer which was to take us from Calcutta to Ceylon, — the Formosa, of three thousand tons. All berths were taken; there were three in our cabin; on the steamer there is space for only thirty first cabin passengers; there are no second or third cabins. We went out of the dock Tuesday night into the Ganges River, then down the river, with a pilot, till Wednesday afternoon, came to anchor till Thursday morning, waiting for high tide so as to get over the bar at the mouth of the river. We arrived at Pilot Ship at 1.30 P. M. Thursday, February 6, and let the pilot go. We took a direct southerly course for Colombo, Ceylon, down the Bay of Bengal. Mr. Zahm and Mr. Colley and ladies, Americans, Messrs. O'Hagan and Bishop, Londoners, are on board, in all some sixteen whom we met on the Caledonia from Port Said to Bombay; also, there is a live lord on board, a young man about twenty-five, who is approachable and sociable. We are having a very smooth sea, hardly any motion to the boat. The table is the best we have had on any steamer yet. The

weather is getting warm; some of the passengers have their beds brought up and sleep on deck; all the passengers are sociable and agreeable. We have seen many porpoises playing around the bows of the ship; also, flying-fish getting out of the way. We have seen them go through the air a few feet above the water, for four hundred feet, actually flying; they have thin wings like a bat or butterfly, and are about as large as a swallow.

We came to anchor inside the breakwater at Colombo on February 10, at 4 P. M. The health officer came aboard and we were quarantined with the yellow flag flying at the masthead for four hours. In the mean time all the passengers were examined by the health officer, and before leaving the steamer the passengers had to deliver up all their soiled linen, which was taken on shore, fumigated, and brought back the next day to Colombo. Boats with nearly naked natives thronged around the steamer. Their boats were merely two sticks of timber, turned up at the ends and lashed together, which they paddled with a piece of flat bamboo. The passengers threw silver pieces, shillings, into the water, and the boatmen would plunge overboard, dive, and catch the coin every time before it got away. The fellow who dived after the piece I threw in went down twenty feet and was gone a long time, but finally came up with it in his

mouth. On one boat there were six men; one had but one arm, but he did not fail to get his portion of the coin. Four of the six were young fellows, and once in a while they would stand up in their boat and sing "There 'll be a hot time in the old town to-night" quite well; then they would sit down and yell out, "All right," meaning for us to throw more coin overboard. They become expert in the water by diving for pearls. We had a hard time getting from the steamer on to the launch. The water was very rough and the ladder down the ship's side was very steep. Mrs. Zahm, who weighs nearly 225, had an especially hard time of it, the little launch bobbing around at a great rate. We finally came to the landing and got on to the wharf, bag and baggage, being assisted by the young Lord Helmsley. He seems to have no airs, although he is to be the guest of the governor of Ceylon, whose representative met him on the steamer as soon as we came to anchor. The representative was a native, dressed in native costume, resplendent with gold lace, but with bare feet; his hair was done up in a knot on the back of his head with a large tortoise-shell comb on top, reaching from ear to ear. This way of dressing the hair seems to be the fashionable thing for the men in Ceylon, the women wearing their hair very plainly down the neck, with no combs or ornaments. While we were on the launch com-

ing to the landing there was a heavy thunder shower. It seems to rain here nearly every afternoon, which makes the air very muggy, like our dog-days, the mercury getting up to 90 degrees and over. We stop at the Grand Oriental Hotel, near the landing, and central. It is far better than any hotel in India, and as good as Shepheard's at Cairo. We see from our room queer little rikshas, drawn by one man in the shafts, going by at good speed, and carrying one passenger; we also see carriages drawn by one bullock.

We have to report to the health officer every day for four days. He feels our pulse and looks at our tongue; all this on account of having come from Calcutta, which is infected with the "plague." Our steamer brought from Calcutta a man sick with fever, an Englishman, who married a native of India, whose father was English and whose mother was a full-blooded Indian. She is very highly educated and speaks several languages; she is devoted to her sick husband, who, when on the steamer, lay on deck nearly all day, looking badly. The passengers helped the doctor bring him up from below.

Lord Helmsley told me he was to stay in Ceylon a month hunting wild elephants; that he had been in India shooting tigers and leopards; that from one tiger the party shot they took off the skin and then watched the vultures devour

TREE FERNS, KANDY, CEYLON

the flesh, and it was just fifteen minutes when they had the bones completely stripped and all the flesh eaten.

February 12 we rode out to the cinnamon garden, so called from the groves of cinnamon trees in it; their fragrance filled the air; from here by the Galle Face Hotel and along the drive by the sea, which was very fine. On the 13th, at 7.30 A. M., we took the train for Kandy, about in the centre of the Island of Ceylon, passing through a very tropical country. On each side were groves of cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, with native huts in them, a very beautiful country, more tropical than anything we had seen. There is so much moisture and heat that vegetation is forced and grows luxuriantly. To get up to Kandy we rise some 1700 feet, and find the air cool and bracing, very agreeable after the hot, close air of Colombo. We stop at the Queen's Hotel, a very good one, with one of the best tables we have so far seen. The hotel is crowded with guests. We met here quite a number who were on the Caledonia and Formosa, Messrs. Zahm and Colley, and ladies, the Hoods, O'Hagan, Bishop, and others. We find Kandy a fine old town, with wide, clean streets. In the centre, opposite our hotel, is a lake of pure, clear water, fed by mountain streams, around which is a lovely drive of some three miles, a smooth hard

road, lined with residences of tropical build, with wide verandas, overhanging roofs, all set in groves of palms, cannas, tree ferns, and tropical flowers, which with us are grown out of doors only in the summer. We visited the temple of Buddha's Tooth, so called because there is kept in a vault, under lock and key, a tooth some two inches long, said to have once been his. We saw a portrait of the last native king of Ceylon; his old palace is now used as a court of law. We looked on while a case was being tried by native lawyers, before a native judge. Except from their language, the color of their skin, and the novel and ancient appearance of the palace, I should not have known that I was not in a court-house in Massachusetts. The same air of intelligence, dignity, and of the dispensation of law and justice appeared to pervade the court-room that, of course, always pervades the court-rooms of the towns and cities of Massachusetts. In the temple there were many Buddhist Bibles, written in Sanskrit on palm leaf; there was also a large golden image of Buddha. Near by is a pond of bad-smelling water, in which are large and small tortoises, which are considered sacred.

On the afternoon of February 13 we took a photographer about four miles out, to the river Mahavelle-Ganga, meaning big sandy river. It is the largest and longest river in Ceylon, 137 miles in

length, and the elephants in the vicinity are brought by their keepers every afternoon to bathe in the water for two or three hours. There were four or five of these animals, one very large, with large tusks. His keeper was lying on the elephant's back asleep, while only the end of the trunk and top of the back of the elephant were visible above the water. On our photographer's hallooing to him, the keeper made the elephant get up and come ashore; he was so tall and so wet, and no ladder or blanket to be had, that we decided not to mount him, but had our pictures taken standing by him, with his keeper, in picturesque costume and hooked staff, by his side. Afterwards, the keeper quietly, in a few words, told the elephant to take up the steep bank of the river a green stick of timber, 16 feet long and 16 inches in diameter, which he accomplished by winding his trunk around it in the exact place it would balance, which he found by a few trials, and placing it on his tusks, walked up the hill and dropped the log as directed.

February 14, St. Valentine's day, we rode out some four miles to the botanical gardens, certainly the finest we ever saw, which was also the verdict of our critical English friends. They are situated on the river, along which winds a fine road; they are full of all the varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers known to Ceylon — the cin-

namon, nutmeg, banana, clove, mango, banyan, and bread-fruit. We went over a tea plantation, and saw hundreds of the natives picking the small leaves; went into the tea drying and packing houses and witnessed the various processes of curing, preparing, and packing the tea for shipment to all parts of the world.

The island of Ceylon is about two hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred and twenty-five wide in its widest part, being shaped like a pear. Kandy is ninety miles from Colombo by railway, and in the central part of the island, which is certainly one of the loveliest spots on this earth, and deserves to have been, as tradition says it was, the "Garden of Eden." Man can live here with very little exertion. The wants of the natives are few, and it is almost within bounds to say they have only to lie down and open their mouths and all the fruits and spices known to this most favored island will drop into them.

The natives of Ceylon are far more intelligent-looking, neater, live in better homes, than those of Egypt or India. We see public schools everywhere. In Kandy is a girls' high school. We see boys and girls going to or coming from school, with schoolbooks, and with the old-fashioned slates, bound with wood, just such as I can remember using. All the people seem very happy and contented, the women quite good-looking, and

ELEPHANT AND KEEPER, CEYLON

with an air of refinement and modesty; yet all with copper-colored skin and bare feet, but better clothed than the natives of Egypt or India.

On the way to Kandy we passed within a few miles of the camp of the Boer prisoners. The natives of Egypt, India, and Ceylon have no pet animals, like dogs, cats, or birds; they cannot afford that luxury. The food these animals would eat the natives need themselves.

We left Kandy on the morning of February 15, and arrived at Colombo, at the Grand Oriental Hotel, at 11.30 A. M. Sunday, the 16th of February, we hired a large rowboat, through the porter of the hotel, and went aboard the P. & O. steamer Oriental, of 5300 tons, at 4 P. M., one mile out in the harbor. Made a bargain with the hotel porter for four rupees ($1.30), to get us and our baggage on board the steamer, including all tips, himself included, his men taking our seven pieces of luggage on their heads down to the landing and from there by boat to the steamer. Think for once we did not get robbed. We have one large three-berth cabin for us two, on port side, which will be the cool side. At 3.30 A. M., February 17, the Oriental sails for Hong Kong, via Penang and Singapore, taking the China and Japan mails.

We round the southern end of the island of Ceylon and then take a straight easterly course for

Penang, on line between the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. It is a fine large steamer, good accommodations and table. The skies are clear, the air soft and breezy enough to prevent being uncomfortable from the heat, the wind being a head wind, not following us, as it did down from Calcutta. We sit in our easy chairs on deck and bid adieu to the lovely island of Ceylon in the verse of Bishop Heber, although not subscribing to the sentiment of the fourth line: —

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

"In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

We arrive at Penang on Friday, February 21, at 8.30 A. M., after an uneventful voyage over a sea as smooth as glass, as blue as indigo, well described by a writer thus: —

"The Indian ocean just sits and smiles,
So soft, so bright, so blooming blue;
With never a wave in sight for miles,
Except from the jiggle of our screw."

Anchored about one mile from the landing and could see the town plainly. It is on an island of the Malay Peninsula, and near are the great tin

mines which give the name to "straits tin" and nearly supply the world with its tin. Weighed anchor and left Penang at 11 A. M.; arrived at Singapore on Saturday, February 22, at 4 P. M. This being Washington's birthday, the fact was given due consideration by all the Americans on board, and all the proper formalities due to the occasion were arranged and carried out in the smoking-room, in which they were aided by the Englishmen O'Hagan and Bishop, and also by the captain. As the steamer is to stay at Singapore till the 23d, at noon, nearly all the first cabin passengers go ashore.

Mr. and Mrs. Zahm, Mr. and Mrs. Colley, the two Misses Pevear of Lynn, Mass., with H. and myself, take carriages and drive some five miles to the botanical gardens, then to the Raffle Hotel for dinner at 7 P. M. The best residences are near the gardens, and on the water front near the hotel. These are large, commodious, and well built; they comprise but a very small part of the city, which has a population of two hundred thousand, mostly Chinese, who live in Chinese fashion, in one and two story houses of wood, crowded together.

The ground on which the city is located is but a few feet above the sea, and the drainage is very poor. This being the Chinese New Year, we decided to look over the city in the evening

and witness the celebration and display of fireworks. After dinner we all took "rikshas," eight in all, each drawn by a Chinaman, all in line, one behind the other, and started out at a good fast trot. It was a novel experience for all of us. The display of fireworks and explosions of crackers were equal to ten Fourths of July in the United States. No horse would have stood the racket, but the Chinese coolies, each pulling a riksha, were, of course, perfectly safe, neither bolting, balking, nor running away, as a horse would have done; they trod their way through the great crowds of Chinese, and around and over the tremendous explosions of firecrackers, which, in some cases, were let down from the roofs in long strings and ropes, making an awful din and smoke, and spreading fire in all directions.

At 10 P. M. we arrived at our steamer, having traversed some six miles of streets, the eight men drawing the eight rikshas never, during that time, breaking their trot, and traveling at a gait a horse would hardly equal. We found coal being put aboard our steamer by a long string of coolies, two carrying a basket of coal on a pole from a pile on the wharf to the steamer. In this way they put on about fifty tons an hour. As they kept it up all night, and our cabin was near the dumping-place, we found it not conducive to sleep. All the forenoon of the 23d the steamer

BOTANICAL GARDENS, KANDY, CEYLON

was loading cargo and unloading silver brought from the British mint at Bombay. Some of the cargo taken on was old dried seaweed for the Chinese at Hong Kong and Canton to eat. The odor of the seaweed would not commend it to any one accustomed to Leominster bills of fare.

At 12, noon, we weighed anchor and passed out of the harbor of Singapore, winding around beautiful islands, green with tropical vegetation to the water's edge. This is the nearest we shall come to the equator, being about seventy miles north of it. The sail from Colombo to Singapore was over a smooth sea, deep blue in color. The wind, blowing steadily from the northeast (the northeast monsoon), made the temperature very pleasant to bear, not nearly as uncomfortable as the Red Sea or the Bay of Bengal; on the whole the most pleasant voyage we have had. Existence on this earth knows nothing more healthful, more tranquil, more lazy, perhaps, than a trip on the Indian Ocean at the right time of the year. Singapore is under the British rule of the Malay Peninsula, but has a sultan, who has a palace about four miles out of the city. It was stated that the king of Siam was present at the celebration of the Chinese New Year at Singapore.

The passengers, as usual, divide up into cliques; there are the Hoods, Scotch; O'Hagan and Bishop, English; Zahms and Brintons,

Americans; three young English ladies, three or four young Englishmen, and many other first cabin passengers.

Some of the passengers are very intimate with each other for a while, then fall out and tell the other passengers what rude people their former friends are. Mr. A. taunts in the heat of discussion the short and aristocratic O'Hagan upon his diminutive size, saying, "He did not see how he could see over the dining-table." Mr. O'Hagan does not answer, but tells us he considers Mr. A. very rude, and that if ladies had not been present, he would have slapped his face, which would have been a hard thing for him to do, as Mr. O'Hagan's head just comes up to the top of Mr. A.'s shoulder. Then Mr. B. and wife tell us privately of Mr. A.'s "selfishness;" they have traveled together from Port Said, and it is a wonder they have not fallen out before, which they probably have done many times.

Mr. O'Hagan tells H. and me that we are "all right," but as to A. and B. and C. and D., they are not, and that most Americans they have met are "always flaunting the American flag in their faces." February 22, H. put the little United States flag I gave him in Leominster into O'Hagan's pocket, and when he found it he said, "It was just like that Mr. A. to be up to such a trick." O'Hagan is a banker in London and

travels with a valet. At his place in London he keeps seventeen horses, and he has a house on the Isle of Wight and another in the north of England.

Flirtations go on quietly over the ship, here and there. H. and I are merely "lookers-on in Venice," not taking sides, making no very intimate friendships, joining in with no cliques. We try not to bore the other passengers with long stories of our private affairs, or pour into their unwilling ears tales of fancied slights, doing our best to keep out of a quarrel with any one — watching with interest the play of "Life on Shipboard."

We found it not as hot at Singapore as at Bombay, Calcutta, or Colombo — very comfortable day and night. By the night of February 23 we have passed through the Straits of Malacca, and are taking a straight course for Hong Kong, east of north, up through the China Sea.

At three o'clock on the morning of February 24, leaving my berth and cabin, I go up two flights of stairs to the upper deck, to see the Southern Cross. The passengers are asleep in their cabins. I step over dark-skinned servants asleep on the floor, with a pillow and blanket under them — nothing over them. All is still except the machinery, which, turning and throbbing below, drives the ship, every hour of the twenty-four,

onward towards the destined port. Through the open portholes I can faintly hear the howls and shrieks of the stokers, far below in that fiery furnace heat of 145 degrees, — Africans as black as the coal they handle, and with no covering except a cloth around the loins. The deck chairs are piled here and there, unoccupied. Forward, right at the point of the bow, is the lookout. On the bridge, which is at the forward end of the upper deck, and over it, paces back and forth the officer on duty, and as I go aft I see a junior officer there. In the north, and low down, is the familiar Dipper, pointing as ever towards the north star; directly opposite in the south shine forth those bright stars forming the Southern Cross, the most brilliant object in the sky; before it the Dipper pales into insignificance. Over all the sea and the ship, the full moon casts a flood of silver light.

CHAPTER VII

CHINA

FRIDAY, February 28, at 8 A. M., we came in sight of Hong Kong bay and harbor. After breakfast every one was on deck looking at the shipping from every commercial nation of the globe. Many of the ships were almost hidden from view by the Chinese junks, unloading or loading cargoes from or into the ships. These junks were grotesque and ancient-looking things — high up astern, while the bows pitched downwards into the water. The great sails were made of finely woven matting. The harbor is a fine one, surrounded by high hills and mountains. The entrance is very narrow, and the whole can be easily defended. As we come to anchor in the bay the health officer comes aboard and the yellow flag of quarantine is hoisted. Then the passengers discover for the first time that there is a case of smallpox on board; it had developed since leaving Singapore, in a native waiter or assistant in the kitchen and dining saloon. He had been isolated on board at once and the case kept quiet. The passengers are panic-stricken, and

are afraid they will be kept on board several days. The sick man is taken ashore in a little tug-boat. Soon after we learn, to our great delight, that the first cabin passengers will go ashore at 12 noon. At that time all our baggage is put on a steam launch ; then the passengers scramble aboard and we are soon at the wharf. After seeing the last one of our eight pieces of baggage landed safely, we engage coolies, who take it on their heads, and we follow to the Hong Kong Hotel, and secure the last two rooms not engaged.

Went immediately to the office of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company in the hotel block, and met Herbert Carter, a Leominster boy, who has been here in the employ of the C. P. R. R. Co. three years. It is needless to say that we were glad to see each other, — it seemed to me that I was at last on the home stretch. Hong Kong is the terminus of the four American lines which cross the Pacific. Here we begin to see American newspapers, fruits, vegetables, and meats, and last, but not least, some semblance of American cooking; and, strange as it may seem, when we first set foot in China, that place we have always been taught to believe was exactly under our feet in the United States, we felt nearer home than when in Europe or Egypt: as though we had started on the downhill side of the globe and the United States was at the foot of it. Perhaps this

feeling that we were getting near home may have been caused, in part, by the genial, smiling, hearty welcome we received from Friend Carter. He gave us a lot of information as to China and Japan, and helped us in getting tickets fixed, securing cabins, etc. He gave us a letter to the captain of the steamer on which we go to Canton.

Hong Kong is on an island, and, including several hundred square miles on the mainland, is part of the British possessions and under British control. It is built on a narrow strip of land between the harbor and the mountain, called the "Peak." There are many buildings far up the side of the mountain, one above the other, as far as it is possible to get a foothold. For this reason the city presents a fine view from the deck of a steamer. Although Hong Kong is called an English city, it is, like all cities in the Orient, composed mostly of natives, the native quarter far exceeding in extent the English or European quarter. But of course the foreigners are the traders and bankers; the natives are "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water." We find the Hong Kong Hotel a good one and very prosperous, especially the bar-room part of it, as the harbor is full of war vessels from all countries. The table is more American than anything we have encountered before. Baked beans are on the bill of fare. There is one dining-room for

dress-suits and ladies and another for business men only, which we appreciate.

Went to the post-office to mail a registered letter; there were ten or fifteen Chinamen waiting their turn at the opening in the railing. As soon as the official saw me, he reached over the railing and the heads of the waiting Chinamen and took my letter. A Chinaman, seeing this, held his letter up, but the official took no notice of him. This shows that Arabs, Indians, and Chinamen are considered to be of a lower grade of animals. In America every one would take his turn, no matter what grade, black or white or yellow.

Saturday, March 1. We went up to the top of the mountain back of Hong Kong called the "Peak." It is the highest of the range of hills and mountains back of and surrounding Hong Kong. These hills are not far back from the water, and very steep, leaving a narrow strip of land on which Hong Kong is built, so that there is no room for expansion in that direction. It is growing fast on the other side of the harbor, on the mainland, called Kowloon. We went up to within 200 feet, vertical, of the top, by cable car, then by sedan chair to the top, where is the flagstaff and signal station, 1400 feet above the water. The view is grand and beautiful, the fine bay and harbor below us, full of islands and of shipping

from all the principal nations of the globe. On the other sides of the island we get a charming view of the sea.

One day Carter kindly offered to take our photos in sedan chairs with his kodak. We engaged two chairs, with two coolies to each, and they started with us up the street by the Hong Kong Hotel towards where Carter was stationed, but when the coolies saw what was up, they dropped us and the chairs in the middle of the street and ran to the sidewalk, and no amount of money would induce them to take us up again. They are very superstitious, believing that to be photographed will bring them, by the means of evil spirits, bad luck. We succeeded, later, by a ruse, in getting some very good pictures in sedan chairs, mounted on the shoulders of Chinese coolies. This is a common way of conveyance here, especially over hilly roads. The two-wheeled rikshas are also largely used on the level roads. The easy, swaying motion of the sedan chairs is very agreeable, the gentle exercise in the open air is healthful and soothing; it is an ideal conveyance for an invalid.

In company of Mr. Carter we crossed the bay to Kowloon, on the mainland, where are great dry-docks, ship-building and machine shops, and foundry establishments. On the way over we saw, for the first time since leaving Boston, the

stars and stripes, hoisted on a United States gunboat from Manila, and also on a four-masted schooner from Bath, Maine. The harbor was filled with magnificent specimens of naval architecture, with the gay-colored flags of all commercial nations floating over them. One of them was the Terrible, the most powerful of British battleships. But when we saw "Old Glory" waving over even such insignificant vessels, we would not, with all it represented and stood for, have exchanged the old flag for all of the others put together. We took off our hats to it; we gazed at it as long as we could see it. Every fold in it, every star and stripe on it, was glorious in our eyes. We could understand, as never before, what enthusiasm it can awaken in the hearts of Americans in distant lands, and how, in battle, it can be followed to certain death.

On Monday, March 3, at 5.30 P. M., we took passage on a steamer for Canton, up the river about ninety miles. This city dates back to three hundred years before the Christian era. The steamer has very good cabins and accommodations, and resembles, on a small scale, the Fall River steamers to New York. We came in sight of Canton next morning at 7 o'clock. We realize that we are in old China, the oldest existing government on the earth. That we are in the dominions of, and subject to, the control of the emperor,

SEDAN CHAIR, HONG KONG

the "Son of Heaven," and of the empress dowager, surrounded by millions of the heathen Chinee. There is a sense of insecurity that we do not feel in places under British control, like Cairo, Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, or Singapore; there we knew that within call, in solid stone barracks, were thousands of British soldiers, ready to put down any uprising of the dark races and to march to the succor of Europeans or Americans, if in distress. The sights on the river, as we approached Canton, were simply wonderful, like nothing I had ever seen before. Thousands of boats, sampans, Chinese junks, swarmed in every direction. They surrounded our steamer, at least six deep, as we came to the wharf, every one of the owners of these sampans expecting or hoping to get a job and a few cents from the few passengers on the steamer. They gesticulated, screamed, beckoned, and pulled at us. A porter on the steamer put us in charge of the proprietor of a sampan, who led us through the swarms of Chinese on the lower deck, out through the side, to a sampan, then to another and another, stumbling, being jostled, almost falling into the river, which we might have done had the boats not been so close together. At one time H. had one foot in one boat and the other foot in another boat. They began to separate, and for a few minutes the outcome was uncertain. We finally came to the little cov-

ered sampan that was the right one. Seating ourselves under the covered part, the two boatmen rowed us down the river, skillfully avoiding collisions with boats and steamers, three quarters of a mile to a landing on the island, where is the Victoria Hotel, to which we were going. The captain of our sampan led the way to the hotel, some ten minutes' walk. There we learned from the proprietor of the hotel that our sampan captain was a Chinese woman, well known to tourists and residents here by the name of "Sally." Her charge for taking us in the sampan three quarters of a mile and guiding us to the hotel was the munificent sum of ten cents for both. Only Europeans and Americans live on this island, which is about sixty acres in area. It is separated from Canton by the river on one side and a canal on the other. Over this canal are several bridges, at which are gates and policemen, and no Chinese are allowed to pass to the island unless they have business there. All the residences of consuls of countries that are represented here are located on this island, and their respective flags are hoisted over them. We noticed with pleasure that the stars and stripes were just a little higher than any of the others. When we were at Darjeeling, India, we met a gentleman and lady from Philadelphia, who were making the trip around the world in the opposite direction from the one we

were taking, and we were able to give each other much valuable information as to hotels, places to see, and guides. They gave me the name of a guide they employed in Canton, and recommended him highly; it was Ah Cum & Son. So we sent for him and the son came. His card read, "Ah Cum John, third son of Ah Cum, Canton, guide, Victoria Hotel." He proved a good guide in showing us the sights of Canton and helped us in making purchases, on all of which he no doubt had a commission. Ah Cum John had his own sedan chair and two stalwart coolies for bearers. We had a chair and three coolies each. Crossing the bridge opposite the Victoria Hotel, we found ourselves in Canton. No words can adequately describe this city. It must be seen. We passed through the narrow streets and lanes, crowded with people on foot. Once in a while we met other sedan chairs in which were either tourists like ourselves or high dignitaries of the empire. In passing each other often one or the other would have to back into a shop to get by. It was wonderful to see how skillfully our bearers would avoid collisions with the people, or other chairs, especially in turning the corners of the very narrow streets. The streets we passed through on each side were lined with workshops and little stores, their fronts nearly hidden by gaudy strips of silk, covered with Chinese figures

advertising the goods for sale. Canton is said to contain over two millions of people, and two hundred and fifty thousand of these to live in boats on the canal and river; they and their children have never known any other home, neither have their forefathers, from whom they have inherited these boats. We saw in one place on the river what we estimated to be forty acres of these house-boats, all so close together that from where we stood, some fifty feet away, no water could be seen: it looked like a floating island.

Canton seems like a bee-hive, and every bee at work. It is a very dirty city. The canal is full of filth — the accumulation of centuries — and yet people live on it, almost in it, using the water for all purposes. No wonder it is a breeding-place of cholera and the Asiatic plague. We learned before leaving Hong Kong, by the papers and other reports, that the cholera was raging in Canton, and that some Europeans had died of it, and many tourists were kept from going to Canton. Yet we took the chance, but were very careful not to drink water or milk, or even tea or coffee, or to eat uncooked food of any kind.

Wednesday morning, March 5, we left Canton by steamer for Hong Kong. We saw thousands of acres of made land bordering the river. A

mud wall is first built out into the river, inclosing a small area, and this is filled in with dirt. A few miles below Canton are two rows of piles driven across the river, connected with heavy iron chains, except in one place, where an opening is now left for the river boats to pass through. These piles and chains were placed across the river some years ago, when France and China were at war, to prevent the French war vessels from going up the river to Canton. They amounted to nothing as obstructions and were brushed away as if they were cobwebs, although they cost the Chinese government five hundred thousand dollars. Our steamer took on at Canton for Hong Kong many tons of live fish, raised by the Chinese in artificial ponds. These fish were about the size of a cod, and were transported in large tanks, into which water was constantly pumped. On our steamer were seventeen hundred Chinese passengers for Hong Kong.

Saturday, March 8, we sailed from Hong Kong for Shanghai, China, and Kobe, Japan, on the steamer Hong Kong Maru, of about 7000 tons, one of the three steamers owned by the Japanese government running between Hong Kong and San Francisco. Our ticket gave us the choice of any one of three lines. We chose the Japanese because the boats are comparatively new and of modern build, having twin screws

and water-tight compartments, and bilge keels to prevent rolling. The captain is English, the first officer, purser, and doctor are Americans; the other officers are Japanese, as are the cabin stewards and deck hands. The waiters and cooks are Chinese. We like the steamer, and especially the table, which is more American than any we have had. The captain and all the officers are especially pleasant and attentive; they do not put on the airs that prevailed on the English P. & O. steamers. At dinner we order what we choose and get through when we like; not, as on the P. & O. steamers, wait for the slowest and last one to finish with the dish that is being served, when the bell strikes and the next dish is served, taking from one to one and a half hours for dinner each day; this is, to say the least, tedious to Americans who are used to making the most of time. In leaving the beautiful bay of Hong Kong we pass out at the opposite end to that at which we came in, thus making a circuit of the island on which the city stands.

The Chinese have a high regard for commercial honor. They will keep their word in a business transaction, even if it brings to them heavy loss. At the new year every Chinaman is expected to pay up all his debts; if unfortunate and unable to do so, then his relatives pay for him. If his relatives are unable to pay, then the unfortunate

man commits hari-kari or suicide. All the foreign merchants and the great banks and private families have a confidential Chinaman, called a "Compredor," who transacts all the business they may have with Chinese; and cases of these compredors being false to their trust are very rare. The opinion at Hong Kong, among Americans and foreigners, was that the best thing the United States could do with the Philippines was to let the Chinese into that country. The Chinese will work and won't fight; the Filipinos will fight and won't work.

Monday, March 10, the Hong Kong Maru arrived at the mouth of the great river, the Yang-tse-Kiang, the largest river in China, draining an immense territory, and serving, with its tributaries, as a channel for carrying an immense amount of freight and passenger traffic through the Chinese Empire. Where the river enters the China Sea it is so broad that no land can be seen, and the sea is discolored by the muddy waters of the river for many miles, resembling in this respect the Mississippi where it enters the Gulf of Mexico. After passing the bar at the entrance to the river, we went up the river some fifty miles and came to anchor; then the health officer from Shanghai came aboard and took possession of the dining saloon. All the first cabin passengers were then gathered

together in a hurry by the stewards and the doctor, and passed in procession before the health officer, who gave each one a glance, and that was all. No sickness was found on board, so the yellow flag of quarantine was lowered and the passengers were allowed to go aboard the company's launch, which had been sent down from Shanghai, and go up the river Hwangpu, on which is Shanghai, and which is a tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang, a distance of fourteen miles. We passed hundreds of Chinese junks and war vessels, the latter, crude affairs, high up astern, and with sails; they are used against the pirates who infest all of the rivers of China. We also passed three modern built gunboats or cruisers belonging to the Chinese; also many war vessels of other nations, two of which flew the flag of the United States.

We arrived at Shanghai at 11, and went to the one principal hotel, the Astor House, for "tiffin," which means "lunch" in all countries of the Orient. From Egypt to Japan one never hears the word "lunch;" it is "tiffin." After tiffin we engaged rikshas and rode out over what is called the "bubbling well road" to the best residential quarter of the city. We saw a road sign marked "Pekin road," and other signs indicating roads leading to other well-known cities of the Celestial Empire. We inquired of

our riksha men where the "bubbling well" was for which the road was named. We imagined a spring of pure, clear water, actually bubbling. As we had not drunk such water since leaving Leominster, we were anticipating a treat. What was our disappointment and disgust to be led up to a barrel, sunk in the ground, filled with a thick yellow substance they called "water"—too thick to run and without vitality enough even to bubble. Returned to the hotel by streets that took us through the native quarter of the city, which very much resembled Canton. The business part of the city, where are the foreign houses and banks, and the great docks, with vessels loading and unloading freight for and from all parts of the world, presents a busy and progressive aspect, much like Hong Kong, but lacking the bay and the harbor backed by the mountains, which make Hong Kong one of the most beautiful of seaports. A great business has been built up in Shanghai by English and American merchants. It is called the "New York of the Far East."

At 4.30, in company with ten other passengers, we decided to return to the steamer instead of waiting till next day for the steam launch. We took passage on a train on one of the three railroads of China, fourteen miles long, owned by the imperial government. On the car was a

family of Chinese, two men, two women, and two young ladies (should judge they belonged to the "upper ten"). The young ladies were very richly dressed; the gold bracelets on their wrists would weigh at least one pound each, and on their heads were magnificent braids and plaits of pearls, worth thousands of dollars. Two fingers on their left hands had nails an inch and a quarter long, while their feet were not over four inches in length. They were full of life and laughter, getting acquainted with the ladies of our party, looking over their dresses and ornaments with great curiosity, and carrying on at a great rate. They toddled up and down the car, making acquaintance with every one, while the older Chinese looked on, quietly amused. They had evidently taken the young ladies for a little "outing" on the railroad. At the end of the road, our party, consisting of eight ladies and four gentlemen, hired a Chinese junk and sailed down the three miles to our steamer, which we reached at 6 P. M. The junk was manned by two sailors; it had an old-fashioned sail of matting. The boat was a very crude affair, and, like all Chinese junks, was built, at stern and forward, something on the centre-board plan. The water was very rough, and every time a wave hit the boat she shivered from stem to stern, and made a noise like thunder, and almost came to a stop. We

were glad to reach our steamer, but had a hard time of it getting the ladies on to the ladder down the side of the ship. The junk would come up to the ship and then swing off, and the ladies would insist on jumping at the wrong time, when there was about four feet of water between the junk and the ship. It was my place, with one other, to place the ladies on the ladder, where was the first officer, ready to take them, H. and one other passing them up to us. One of the ladies weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. In passing her over to the chief officer I missed my footing, came down on my knees, and looked down into the yellow water of the Yang-tse-Kiang. We were glad when we were all safely on board our steamer. We probably ran more risk on that Chinese junk than on all the seven ocean steamers on which we have been passengers.

CHAPTER VIII

JAPAN

Wednesday, March 12, the Hong Kong Maru weighed anchor and got under way at 11 A. M., steaming down the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, fifty miles, across the bar, and taking nearly a due east course for Nagasaki, Japan, across the Yellow Sea. Thursday, about 6 P. M., came to anchor in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. All the Chinese and Japanese were looked over by the health officer. Friday morning I was awakened by the noise of "coaling ship." On going on deck a sight was presented unequaled anywhere else in the world. The ship was surrounded by flat-bottomed boats or scows, each holding twenty or more tons of soft coal. These were covered, and also the ladders and platforms on the sides of the ship, by hundreds of Japs — mostly women and girls — who passed from one to another baskets of coal holding about twenty pounds, from the scows to the landing-place on deck, the baskets never stopping on the way. They worked like bees on a bunch of honey. Our steamer took on twelve hundred tons of coal, and to put this on there were twenty-two gangs of twenty-five each,

— some five or six hundred women and girls. They get ten to twenty cents in gold for ten hours' work. The cost of coaling up was about seventy-five dollars, which is cheaper than by any other method. Nagasaki holds the record of the world for quick coaling, and is the principal coaling port on the Pacific. Since writing the above I have read a description of this coaling ship at Nagasaki, by Rev. H. C. Potter, the bishop of New York, as follows: —

"If I were asked to say, of all that I saw in Japan, what that is that lives most vividly in my memory, I should probably shock my artistic reader by saying that it was the loading of a steamship at Nagasaki with coal. The huge vessel, the Empress of Japan, was one morning suddenly festooned — I can use no other word — from stem to stern on each side with a series of hanging platforms, the broadest near the base, strung together by ropes and ascending from the sampans, or huge boats in which coal has been brought alongside the steamer. There were, in each case, all along the sides of the ship, some four or five of these platforms, one above the other, on each of which stood a young girl. On board the sampans men were busy filling a long line of baskets, holding, I should think, each about two buckets of coal, and these were passed up from the sampans in a continuous and un-

broken line until they reached their destination, each young girl, as she stood on her particular platform, passing, or, rather, almost throwing, these huge baskets of coal to the girl above her, and so on to the end. The rapidity, skill, and, above all, the rhythmic precision with which, for hours, this really tremendous task was performed, was an achievement which might well fill an American athlete with envy and dismay, each girl, by the watch, handling from sixty to sixty-nine baskets in a single minute. The task — I ought to call it an art, so neatly, simply and gracefully was it done — was this. The young girl stooped to her companion below her, seized from her uplifted hands a huge basket of coal, and then shooting her lithe arms upward tossed it laughingly to the girl above her in the ever-ascending chain, and all the while there was heard a clear rhythmical sound, like the notes from a mandolin, distinct, precise, melodious, produced by the lips of these young coal heavers themselves. And at this task these young girls continued uninterruptedly and blithely, from 10 in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, putting on board more than one thousand tons of coal. I am quite free to say that I do not believe that there is another body of work-folk in the world who could have performed the same task in the same time and with the same ease."

ARCHED BRIDGE, JAPAN

At 9.30 A. M. we went ashore on the company's launch, about one half mile, and set foot for the first time on the soil of old Japan. We had about three hours to look over the city. It has a population of about seventy thousand, mostly Japanese, some Chinese, and a very few whites. It has a fine dry-dock, and is the great coaling-place for steamers, the coal being mined in the vicinity. Nagasaki is finely situated, looking out on an excellent harbor, surrounded by hills, just now becoming green. The harbor is not as wide as Hong Kong harbor, but extends a long distance between high hills. The entrance is very narrow, and the whole is perfectly protected from storms. At the hotel at Nagasaki we saw some New York newspapers of February 9, the first American newspapers we had seen at any hotel or newsstand since leaving home.

Friday, at 4 P. M., we left Nagasaki for Kobe, a sail of twenty-eight hours through the celebrated Inland Sea of Japan, justly noted as one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, seas of the world. It is a remarkable expanse of salt water, bounded on each side by scenery unsurpassed. The sea averages from one half to one and one half miles in width; in one place it is only one quarter of a mile wide. It is full of turns and twists, and one continually wonders what the next turn will lead to. The banks rise high above the

water and the land is highly cultivated, even up to the top of the highest peaks. We continually pass peculiarly constructed junks, and the shores present a shifting panorama of little villages, with funny-shaped houses, castles, temples, and wooded slopes, seen nowhere else in the world. The scenery is something like the scenery on the Hudson River, but more picturesque, as the Inland Sea contains hundreds of islands and bare rocks, towering high up right in our path; and as they were unlighted at night it seemed to me very dangerous navigation.

At 8 P. M., Saturday, March 15, we had passed through the Inland Sea and dropped anchor in the Bay of Kobe, a mile from shore. Sunday, at 9 A. M., we looked out on the fine harbor and bay and the city of Kobe, and on the shores of the bay, forming a semicircle, inclosed by high hills and mountains, and the harbor filled with shipping, vessels of commerce and of war.

Here we leave our steamer and go through Japan to Yokohama by rail, some three hundred and fifty miles, letting our heavy baggage go through to Yokohama on the steamer, where we will get it in about two weeks.

Kobe, Japan, has a population of two hundred thousand Japanese and one thousand foreigners, and is situated at the eastern entrance to the Inland Sea, the great water-way through which

passes the traffic between China, Japan, and America. Being connected by railways with all parts of the empire, Kobe is a city of great commercial importance, second only to Yokohama. A daily paper is printed in English. The Oriental Hotel is a very good one; it is managed by Japanese; rates seven yen per day, or $3.50 in gold. After lunch we take jinrikishas, or, as they are called for short, "rikshas," and look over the city, the shops, the streets, the temples, up on the mountain side. It seems like a dream to us. We can hardly realize that we are actually in the magic land of the Mikado, the land of temples, of flowers, of art, of dainty maidens, the Island Kingdom of Japan. Two miles out from Kobe are the Nunobiki waterfalls, — two falls of some 175 feet in all; the water supplies the city of Kobe. From the top of the hill we had a fine view of the city and the harbor. Just at 3 o'clock we saw the Hong Kong Maru weigh anchor and slowly steam out to sea, for Yokohama. We had, as we always do have, a sort of feeling that our "home" was leaving us. We get attached to a ship, even if on it for only a few days. On the way back to our hotel we stopped at a private house, with small factory attached, where fine Satsuma ware was made. The proprietor and his two sons showed us the process and the ovens and some of the finished work, — one very fine

piece that had taken a prize at the Paris Exposition. They were very polite, giving us some tea and cakes. When they went into their private rooms from the factory, they took off their shoes and put on loose slippers. I said to them that "we ought to do the same," but they smilingly protested that we need not, which was a lucky thing for me, as I had boots that laced high up, and a hole in one stocking low down. As we left we made two low bows to each other, which is the correct thing to do, and if one wishes to be very polite, three bows are made, each bow lower than the one preceding, so that when three are made the head comes down nearly to the knees. There is no hand-shaking in Japan. We visited the Temple of Hiogo, where is a large bronze image of Buddha; also visited several other temples, none of which were very imposing. The Japanese we see on the streets are good-looking, well made, and have intelligent faces. Many of the women are quite pretty; they have good eyes, abundance of very black hair, and fine complexions, — a mixture of the olive and the rose. Some of the young girls and boys have very clear, fine complexions and expressive eyes. We see them marching to and from school with their teachers at the head.

High up on the hillside are the Suwayama hot springs, where we had another magnificent view down over the city and harbor. At night, from

our hotel, the lights from the shipping in the harbor and from the houses on the mountain side present a fine effect.

Tuesday, at 10 A. M., we took train for Osaka, a city of six hundred thousand population, and a great manufacturing point. It is intersected by many canals. We rode through miles and miles of long narrow streets filled with people and lined with shops and dwellings, all low, unpainted wooden buildings, and all alike. After lunch, or tiffin, we took train for Nara, where we arrived at 4 P. M. As we were leaving the train at Nara, whom should we see getting on but our old fellow travelers, O'Hagan and Bishop, whom we had last seen at Hong Kong. Taking rikshas, we rode a mile from the station to the Kikushu Hotel. This is a real Japanese hotel or tea house, with only Japs to run it. We were met at the entrance by the wife of the proprietor and two or three pretty girls. They put loose slippers over our shoes, and, taking our baggage, led us over the shiny waxed floors up to our rooms, which were large and very neat, the floor covered with very pretty matting. For light there was one small glass window and two sliding doors opening out on to a veranda. These doors were covered with oiled paper, which let in almost as much light as glass. I could see to shave without artificial light. The ladies of the family all showed us into our

rooms and seated themselves, chatting in Japanese, making themselves at home, putting the room in order, lighting a little charcoal in a box on a stool in the centre of the room, and offering us a tiny little pipe, with just a pinch of tobacco in it, which they lighted and drew a few whiffs to get it well agoing for us, all the time laughing and talking just as though we understood every word they said. We tried to keep up our end of the conversation, but in English. Of course, when talked to by pretty and vivacious young ladies, to be polite, we had to reply the best way we could and in the only language we were familiar with. The walls and ceilings of our rooms were of plain, unpainted wood, highly polished, all neat as wax. A roll of matting, twelve feet long, is let down in front of the bed, thus shutting it off.

The house is regularly Japanese in style, with projecting roofs. The Japanese proprietor of the hotel brought us a book to sign, stating our names, ages, occupations, and residence.

Nara contains many wonderful Buddhist temples and parks. In one of the parks there were thousands of deer, so tame they would come up to us and eat out of our hands. They are considered sacred by the people and are unmolested. The roads leading to the temples are wide and well kept, and on each side are thousands of large stone pillars, surmounted by votive lanterns. At

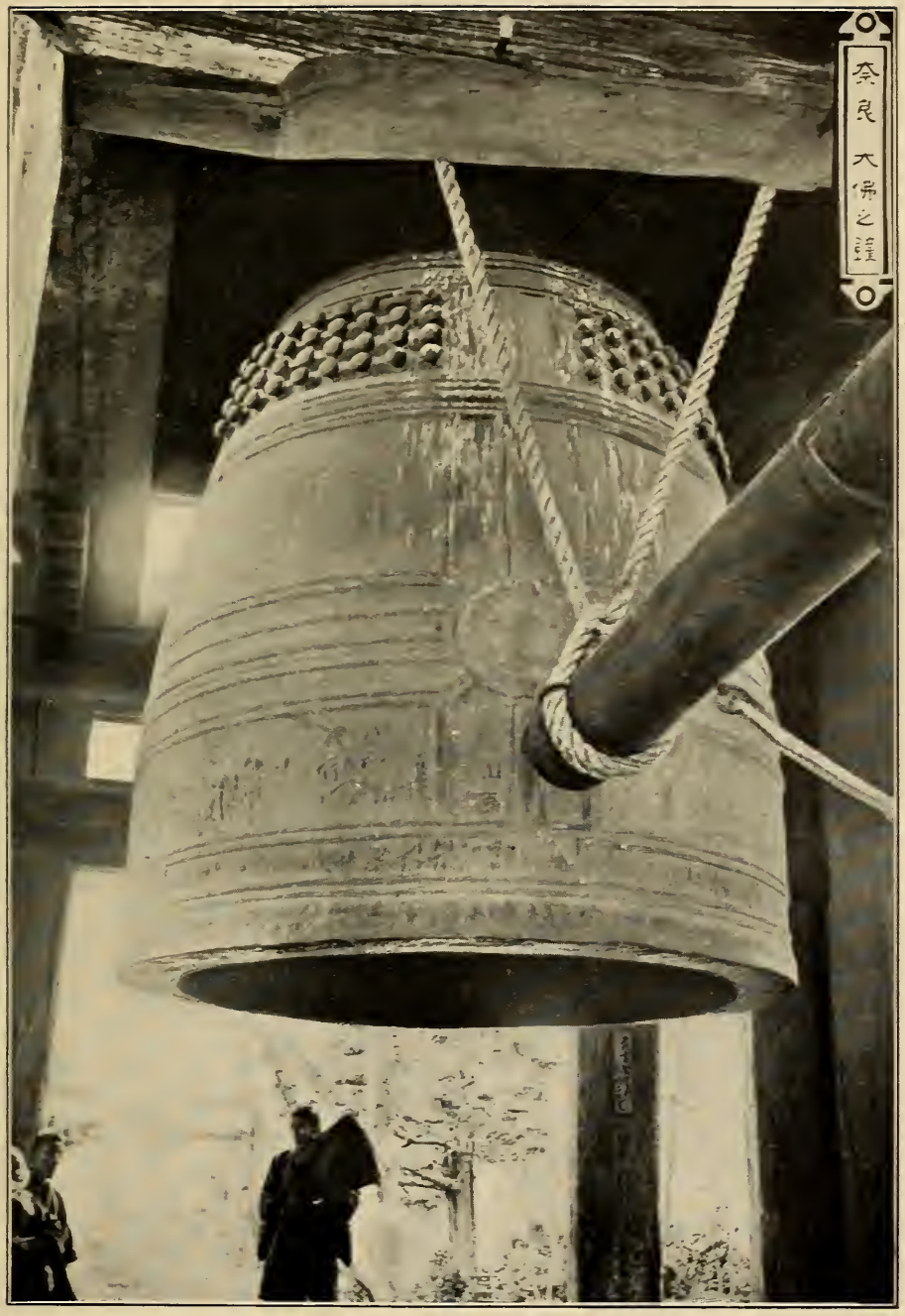
one of the largest temples there is a gigantic image of Buddha cast in bronze in the year 749, recast in 1200. It is a sitting figure, 58 feet high, 70 feet in diameter, head 16 feet high, nose three feet long, ears five feet long. This figure has one hand outstretched as if to bless, while the other palm is up, as if to take the money contributed. This is the largest bronze figure of Buddha in Japan, and the largest casting in the world. At another temple we saw and rang a gigantic bell, 14 feet high, 9 feet in diameter, and 12 inches thick. This is rung by pulling back a stick of timber and letting it swing against the bell. It gives a low, melodious sound, like distant thunder, and can be heard for miles. Nara was once the capital of Japan and more flourishing than at the present time. It has about thirty thousand population and is not yet modernized. The Kikushu Hotel is the only one in the place except Japanese tea-houses, where one would have to eat in Japanese style, with chop-sticks and sitting on the floor. We were the only white guests at the hotel, and probably the only white people in the town.

After a dinner of beefsteak and onions, new peas, and a splendid cup of Japan tea, we paid our hotel bill of five dollars in gold, each, for two days' board, and bidding good-by to the very pleasant people, took rikshas to station, and cars

at 1 P. M. for Kyoto, which we reached at 2.30 P. M. Went at once to the Kyoto Hotel, had two large, well-furnished rooms, with fire; each room was 20 × 30 feet and proportionally high: rates $5\frac{1}{2}$ yen, or $2.75 in gold, each, per day. The hotel is back from the street, in a square by itself, with a small park in front, filled with ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers. Kyoto has a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, and not one hundred white residents; is about midway between the oceans, and about in the centre of the principal island. It is inclosed on three sides by mountains; on their slopes are no less than forty-five temples. Kyoto is noted for its fine and artistic work in Cloisonné, Damascene, and Satsuma ware. The tourist can get finer work and at lower prices than in any other city in Japan, and tourists generally defer their purchases till reaching Kyoto.

Thursday, March 20, took rikshas and rode all day through miles of streets, all level and straight and all alike. Went into many shops, shopping and sight-seeing. Unexpectedly had the pleasure of meeting the Misses Pevear of Lynn and the Hoods of Edinburgh, Scotland, with whom we had traveled from Calcutta to Hong Kong.

Friday we rode all day in rikshas, visiting temples. One was the golden temple, gorgeous with gilt. In the park adjoining is a living pine-tree,



GREAT BELL, NARA, JAPAN

trained and trimmed to represent a boat or junk, with mast and rudder; it is 25 feet long, and the mast is 25 feet tall. At another temple, the Chionin, is a bronze bell, one of the largest in the world. It is 18 feet high, 9 feet in diameter, and the metal is 12 inches thick; it weighs 100 tons, exceeding the one at Nara, which it resembles; it is rung in the same way, by swinging a timber against the outer rim. We passed the palace occupied by the emperor when here and the fortress nearby, all surrounded by a high stone wall 1200 feet in length on each side. On the way I saw the most primitive power grist-mill. There was an overshot water-wheel, 10 feet in diameter and 12 inches wide, turning a horizontal wooden shaft, with projecting wooden pins, lifting alternately seven wooden timbers, which drop on to rice or other grain, grinding it into meal, which drops through small spaces in the bottom of a box. We visited the two temples, called the " Hongwanjis," five hundred years old. One of the temples is gorgeous with gilt, which covers the immense pillars and the finely carved altars. Before entering these temples we were directed to take off our shoes and put on slippers. The slippers are provided by our riksha men, but in the case of two of the party their men had neglected to bring them, and they had to walk in their stocking-feet. At the house

of the priest who has charge of these two temples I saw what was to me the greatest sight I have seen or expect to see in Japan, — a rope $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 500 feet long, made from human hair, contributed by one and one-half millions of Japanese women, from eight provinces of Japan. The hair was given to make the rope to lift the heavy beams of the temple, as no other rope strong enough was to be had at the time the temple was built. We saw but one bale, but there are a number of bales. We can appreciate the sacrifice these Japanese women made of their magnificent heads of hair, which they prize so much and dress in such artistic style.

The day we visited these temples was a Japanese holiday, and there were crowds of Japs on all the temple grounds; many had evidently come long distances from the back country, for they stared at us in amazement. At one time we met some friends and stopped with them a few minutes; before we realized the situation, there was a great crowd of men, women, and children around us, the women holding up the young children and babies to look at us, as though we were animals in a menagerie. For a joke I passed my hat around to the crowd, as though to take up a collection. This made them stare and crowd the more, evidently thinking it the way of for-

eigners. In Leominster to pass around the hat will disperse a crowd with lightning rapidity; in Japan I found it worked differently.

By Monday, March 24, we left the busy and interesting city of Kyoto and its great Buddhist temples, taking a train at 8 for Nagora, a place of two hundred and fifty thousand people, which we reached at 12.30. We found the Nagora Hotel very comfortable and extremely neat; it is kept in half-Japanese style, — Japanese proprietor, waiters, and help. The main street is very long and wide, with wide sidewalks; in the centre are two electric car tracks, the most modern street we have seen in China or Japan. In this street, on a slight elevation, is an elaborate and costly monument, erected to commemorate the victory of Japan over China in the late war.

At 6 A. M. Tuesday we took train for Yokohama, where we arrived at 6 P. M. The country from Kyoto to Yokohama, three hundred and fifty miles, is cultivated like a garden; there is no waste land, even the tops of the thatched roofs of the farm cottages being green with plants; every particle of fertilizing material is saved and put on the land in liquid form. At one little garden patch we saw a man treading an overshot water-wheel, the man treading the buckets one side, the water coming up the other and irrigating the land. The wheat is planted in hills and

cultivated like corn; every foot of land is made to produce something, and not a weed is allowed to show itself. Wood for fuel is planted and cultivated, the same as any other crop, and the law provides that for every tree cut another must be planted. Between Kyoto and Yokohama, three hundred and fifty miles, the agricultural population averages two thousand to the square mile, the most dense in the world; these two thousand cultivate and depend upon the soil for a living. If Leominster had the same proportion of families living on farms, there would be fifty-three thousand farmers, including their families, in Leominster, whose existence would depend on what they could make the land produce. These figures make it plain why there is such a struggle for existence in the far East, and why, in the United States, there is such an abundance, such a prodigal lavishness of every necessity, and even of the so-called luxuries of life. For one, I have come to the belief that a very rapid growth of the United States is undesirable, in view of the possible results in the future. Immigration should be restricted and guarded in the most stringent manner.

The ride from Nagora to Yokohama was full of interesting sights, for a while skirting the shores of the inlets and bays of the sea, then plunging into the hills, winding around mountains, climb-

ing and descending. At Yokohama we find the Grand Hotel first class in every respect. The manager is an American, a native of the State of Maine. Yokohama has a population of one hundred and eighty thousand. It is the largest treaty port in Japan, and a city of large commercial importance, and is the port for Tokyo, the capital; it has a good harbor, protected by a breakwater. The part of the city occupied by the foreign residents resembles an American city, — wide, clean streets, large, open squares, brick and stone blocks. A wide canal divides the city, through which the heavy freight from the warehouses is taken to the ships in the harbor and from the ships to the warehouses. Very few horses are used, either for hauling goods or driving; the old familiar riksha is the common mode of conveyance. A string of them is in front of the hotel all the time, their number and "Grand Hotel" on the caps of the men; one has only to hold up a hand and they will race to him as if a fortune awaited them. In a jiffy one is on his way; it is an easy, quick, cheap way of getting around. We like them and shall be sorry to part with them. These riksha men will make fifty miles a day, but the roads here are perfect, better than Massachusetts state roads, and are kept all the time in perfect condition. There is nothing in Yokohama distinctively Japanese, no great Buddhist

temples, no great bronze figures or bells, the wonder of the world, no artistic workshops. All fine ware, ivory, and works of art are brought here from such producing places as Kyoto, Nagora, and Tokyo, and prices are much higher and selections poorer. At Arthur & Bond's great shop I saw three large bronze castings of Buddha and a large bronze bowl, all heavily covered with gold and very valuable; these came from the "Temple of Heaven," Pekin, China, — probably "loot." Every tourist in Yokohama goes once to a theatre and once to a geisha girl dance; the latter is not what we would call a dance; it is made up of graceful movements of the body, head, and arms, each girl manipulating a large fan dexterously and gracefully, all in time to the music. It is a very modest performance, compared to the short skirt dances on the stage of American theatres.

The theatre we attended had a revolving stage, no curtain or drop scene. When a scene was to be changed, the stage was revolved till the right scene was brought into view. The ladies and gentlemen of the audience sat cross-legged on the floor of the boxes, smoking cigarettes and drinking tea. If the exigencies of the play required, the actors would come down into the auditorium, even to the front of the theatre, and disappear, to emerge on the stage later. The principal actor cut

off the head of his wife in a fit of jealousy and held the dismembered head up to the view of the audience, while an attendant threw a blanket over the body, which hobbled off the stage on all fours. While we were in Yokohama the most celebrated actor of Japan was performing at the principal theatre. We did not go, for the reason that the play lasted all day, and it was uncertain just what time this great actor would appear, whether just after breakfast, or just before tiffin, or late in the afternoon; to be sure of seeing him we should have had to spend the whole day in the theatre and take our lunch with us.

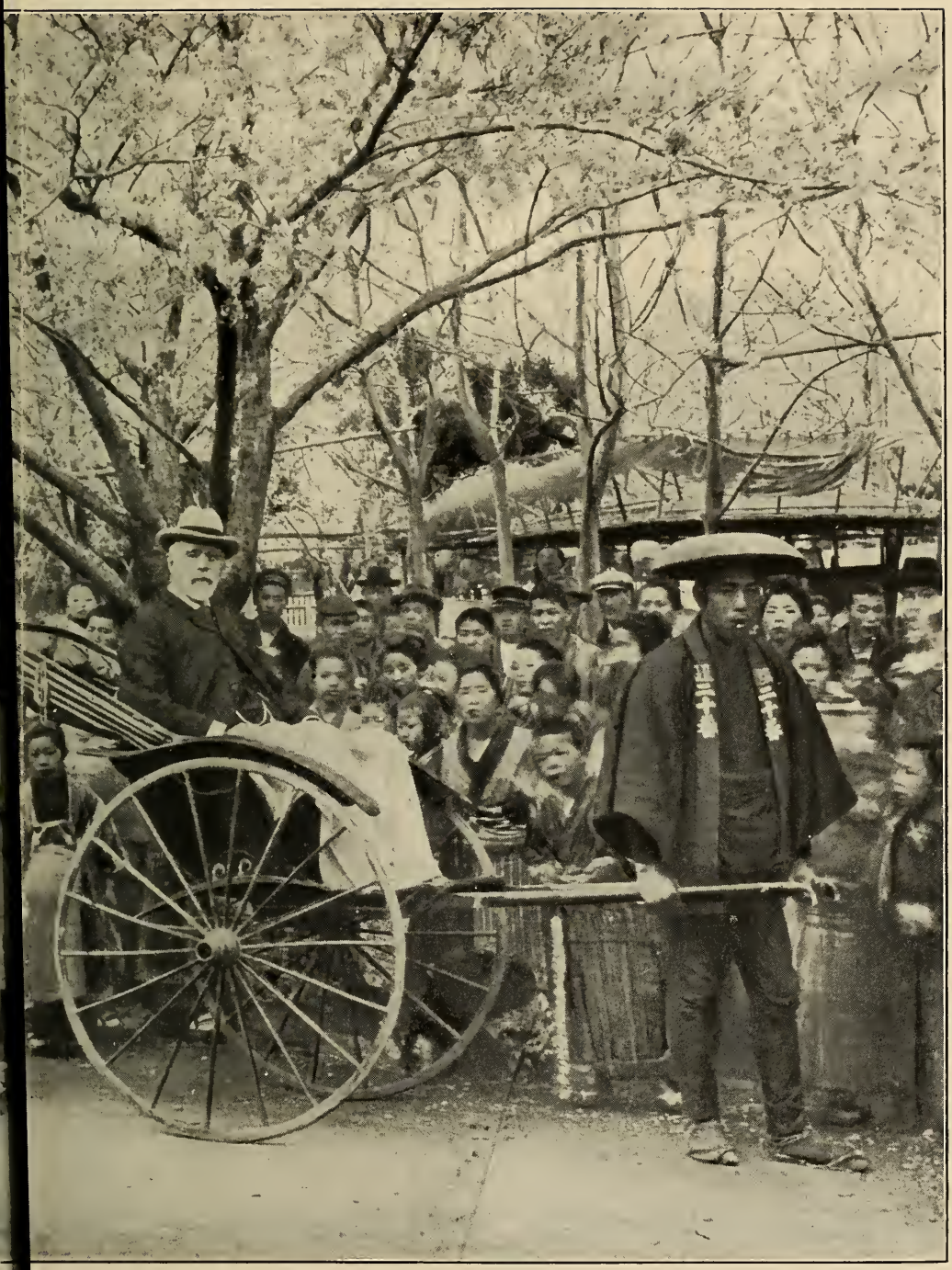
April 3 we took train for Tokyo, the capital of Japan, a city of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, the largest in Japan; it is twenty-five miles from Yokohama.

The railways of Japan compare favorably with those of Europe or India. The speed of the trains is about the same, averaging twenty-five miles an hour. This speed, coupled with the extreme care in running trains and guarding the safety of passengers on trains and at stations, makes the loss of life by railway accidents in the above-mentioned countries very small, compared to what it is in the United States. A traveler has a sense of security that he does not feel in the latter country, where the railroads are crowded with trains to the utmost limit they will bear, and run at terrific

speed across roads at grade, and where at stations passengers are allowed to stand close to the track while trains are passing. Some of the passenger cars on the railways of Japan have compartments and doors on the sides, like the European cars, but many are patterned after our American cars, with doors at the end, but are shorter than ours, much resembling our largest and most modern electric cars; some have seats across and some lengthwise of the car, all upholstered in leather. There are no restaurants at the stations, but at certain ones a Jap comes into the car with dainty little baskets containing lunch, with a small bottle of wine or, if one prefers, a pot of hot tea.

At Tokyo we went to the Imperial Hotel. It is equal to the Grand Hotel of Yokohama, and in some respects better. The building is very large, and is divided into two parts, one for Japanese guests solely, and the other for European or American guests. The city of Tokyo covers an area of one hundred square miles, contains two hundred and twenty thousand houses, and not less than three thousand temples. It has steam and horse railways, and is building an elevated road, to be run by electricity. There are electric lights and telephones. The houses are nearly all only two stories, unpainted. At the first opportunity we called upon Colonel Buck, the United States Minister to Japan. He received us very cordially

JINRIKISHAS AND CHERI



RY BLOSSOMS, YOKOHAMA PARK

and hospitably, and informed us that our names were on his list to attend the annual reception or garden party of the emperor. I had previously written Colonel Buck from Hong Kong in reference to a ticket of admission to the famous annual garden party of the Mikado.

In Tokyo we visited many temples and parks. The Shiba temple is the finest in Tokyo; here are the tombs of the Shoguns, the ancient rulers of Japan. The wood carvings in this temple are magnificent, taking the labor of skilled workmen for a great many years; much of the wood, and even the stone carvings, are covered with gold lacquer. In Uyeno Park are the national museum and the zoölogical garden, of great interest and worthy of any country. The museum is filled with specimens of plants, minerals, and animals. The zoölogical garden has many fine specimens of living fish, birds, and beasts. On the way to the museum we passed by the emperor's palace and through the gardens; the palace grounds are walled in, and also surrounded by an ancient moat filled with water. This moat or canal is at least 200 feet wide, and miles in length; the banks are cut and graded to a smooth finish, and it is an ornament to the landscape, although some parts of it are used as a canal for transporting boats.

On the afternoon of the 5th we rode in rikshas to the famous avenue of cherry-trees, now in full

bloom; it is some two miles long, on the banks of the river. Leaving our rikshas at the avenue, as they are not allowed upon it, the crowd being so great, we walked up a mile under trees in full blossom, with no leaves. The crowd of men, women, and children was so great that those going one way were kept on one side of the avenue; everybody passes on the left in Japan. The trees on each side, overlooking the Sumida River, were full of blossoms. The people seem to go crazy over the cherry blossoms, but I think I have seen, in May, as fine a show in the apple orchards of Leominster. In walking up and back on the avenue we passed ten thousand people, — perhaps three who were a little the worse for *saké;* all the rest were well behaved, nicely clothed, and having a jolly good time. We were the only white persons in the crowd, and were stared at immensely. We have decided that if we should get short of money, we could obtain enough to get home by exhibiting ourselves at a small price of admission.

On Sunday, the 6th, there was a shock of earthquake which shook the Imperial Hotel and made the chandeliers in the dining-room vibrate. We have felt several shocks in Japan before; they are a common occurrence.

Near the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, an elevated street railway is being constructed, the motive power to be electricity. The piers are made of

brick. Walking out from the hotel to see how Japs did such kind of work, I noticed that all the mortar and bricks were carried to the bricklayers by women, — put into cloth and slung on their backs. I noticed one woman who had a young nursing baby; an older child took charge of it while the mother piled on her own back thirty-one bricks and carried them two hundred yards to the masons. These bricks were eight inches by four inches by two inches, and the load would weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. I saw a pile-driver being worked by twenty-five women, who pulled the weight up by ropes, all to the music of their own voices. The one man in the gang was stationed at the top, and when the heavy iron weight was hoisted up by the women, he let it drop.

One evening a great dinner was given at the hotel in honor of a member of one of the noted families of Tokyo, and we had a good chance to see the ladies and gentlemen of the "upper ten" of Tokyo as they came in and departed. As they entered the hotel all left their wooden-soled shoes at the entrance and put on fancy slippers, and as they left they made two or three low bows to each other. All were very polite. The ladies were very quiet, and their faces showed refinement; some were very pretty. Outside, in the hotel yard, were one hundred and fifty rikshas, a

man to each, waiting to take the people home. As the company left the hotel, at the entrance stood two men, whom I had to call Americans. They stood close to the departing guests and stared rudely in their faces. I was ashamed of their manners in contrast with the Japanese, who were too polite to appear to notice their rudeness.

At the Imperial we met Lord Helmsley, whom we had last seen in Ceylon. One day we visited the district court, which was in session trying a criminal case. It was held in a large hall. There were six judges, in caps and gowns; the lawyers had caps and gowns, and lace collars over their shoulders. There were at least two hundred spectators, and I have no hesitation in saying that their appearance and behavior were superior in every respect to any crowd that would gather in Boston or any other large city of the United States out of curiosity to see the trial of a criminal case. Visited the stock exchange room, but the exchange was not in session. The room was large, and well adapted to the transaction of business. Called again on Colonel Buck, the American minister; had a very cordial reception; was disappointed to learn from him that the Mikado's reception will not take place till after the 16th of April, which will be too late for me, as our steamer sails from Yokohama for San Francisco April 15.

Wednesday, April 9, we left Tokyo at 8.45 for Miyanoshita, arriving at 1.30 P. M., — two hours by steam railway, one and a half hours by electrics, and one and a half hours by rikshas. We left the steam-cars at Kodzu and there took the tram-cars, which consisted of first, second, and third class cars. The five miles of road are laid nearly all the way through streets of Japanese villages, through which the train went very slowly and carefully. If the motorman saw children anywhere near the track, he would bring the car almost to a stop, motioning to the children to go farther away. This is slightly different from the furious way the cars go down Merriam Avenue in Leominster, past School and Church streets, reckless of life and limb. At the end of the street railway we took rikshas, three men to each, a steep up-grade all the way for five miles, taking one and a half hours, rising 1400 feet, following a deep gorge or valley, at the head of which is the Fujiya Hotel, commanding a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean. On each side the mountains rise to a height of 1000 feet above the hotel, which is 1400 feet above the sea-level. We find the hotel a very good one; it is one of the most famous mountain resorts in Japan, and is owned and managed by Japanese. The waiters in the dining-room and the girls who take care of the rooms are pretty, daintily clad Japanese.

They build the fires and black our boots. Near the hotel are hot springs. The water is at a temperature of 150 degrees, and is piped into the bath-rooms. We see the water falling down the sides of the mountains, steaming all the way. From the top of the mountains, near the hotel, one gets a magnificent view of the sea on the one hand, and on the other the mountains, with Japan's great volcano, Fujiyama, in the distance. From the top of the mountain, looking down upon the picturesque Japanese hotel, nestled in shrubbery and flowers, with the beautiful view down the valley, it seemed to us that some time an earthquake, to which this country is subject, might bring the two mountains on each side of the gorge together, and crush the hotel and little Japanese village like an eggshell. Above the hotel the little villages straggle up the valley in a most picturesque and curious way, the little cottages covered with flowers, the cherry-trees in the gardens in full bloom; the road crossing the narrow stream on curious little bridges, here and there a water-wheel furnishing the power which lifts the timbers that pound the rice into flour. We see no beggars here, — nor anywhere else in Japan, — no one chases us around for a job, nor do they stand in our way, waiting for a tip. In taking a walk from the hotel I passed a pretty little Japanese boy about eight years old and gave

him a few sen — perhaps two cents. In about an hour, when we came back, we found him standing by the road waiting for us with a little bunch of violets, which he timidly gave me and then ran away.

The air here is pure and invigorating, and we are not afraid to drink the water when we see it coming out of the rocks in the side of the hills. After two days' stay at Miyanoshita we returned to Yokohama. On the way we had a fine view of the volcano Fujiyama, 13,000 feet above the sea-level; the summit is covered with snow, and a cloud of smoke and steam always floats over it, as it is an active volcano; it is the highest mountain in Japan.

Friday we arrive at Yokohama, and Tuesday, April 15, we sail on the Nippon Maru for San Francisco, completing our trip of nearly five weeks through Japan. The Nippon Maru is the exact counterpart of the steamer Hong Kong Maru, which we were on from Hong Kong to Kobe. We leave Japan with many regrets. The country is pleasing and novel, and like a garden in its cultivation. The people are very bright, intelligent, orderly, and enterprising; they are a happy, progressive, temperate people, very neat in their clothing and houses; in fact, they almost worship neatness and water. As to the religious belief of the Japanese of to-day, I never found

out just what it is; but whatever it may be, it seems to make industrious, progressive, polite men and patient women, with sweet dispositions and charming manners.

The Japanese are far ahead of the natives of Egypt or India, and are close up to Americans and English, and nearly all of their present advancement has been accomplished in the last fifty years. Their ambition is to be the United States of the East, and we get more news of the United States in their newspapers than in any others we have seen since we left home. In one respect the Japanese are not so far advanced as the Chinese. In China the merchant and manufacturer are considered in the upper class, next to the mandarins, and so the pride of the Chinese merchant or banker tends to make him regard his word in a business transaction as sacred. In Japan the merchant and manufacturer are placed in the lower strata of society, next to the very lowest. This tends to the lowering of their ideas as to commercial honor. It will probably be remedied in the future by such a go-ahead and shrewd nation as Japan.

Monday evening we received a call in our room at the hotel from O'Hagan and Bishop,— a parting visit, as we sail Tuesday for San Francisco and they for Vancouver. They, like all the English, are hurrying to get to London in time

for the coronation of the king. As we all sit by the open fire in our cosy room, we go over the events of our trip from Port Said to Yokohama — off and on together — and wonder if we shall ever meet again in any part of the wide world.

For Englishmen, they are very ready to give or take a joke. As they were to take their first trip across the United States, I put on a very serious face and advised them, if their train should come to a stop away from a station and in the midst of the "wild and woolly West," not to put their heads out of the car windows, but to lie down under the seats, for it would probably be a hold-up by train robbers, and they always shoot at any head in sight. "Ah," says O'Hagan, "would it be any harrm if I should myself shoot a station agent once in a while?"

Tuesday, April 15, from the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, to the wharf, where we take the launch and steamer, we take our last ride in a riksha; we bid farewell to it, perhaps forever, no more to enjoy the exhilaration and the novelty of the camels of Egypt, the bullock teams of India, the elephants of Ceylon, the sedan chairs of China, nor the rikshas of Japan. In the future it will be the every-day, ordinary, prosy "horse."

As we sit in the launch at the wharf, up comes a boat alongside, with marines in it. As soon as the boat touches the wharf, they are ashore.

The business being done, perhaps the leaving and getting mail or orders, they are off in no time. Who are these men, so alert, with such a bright and independent look in their faces, and yet so ready and quick to do the thing to be done? We have seen none just like them in our journey around the world. These men have not the subdued, third-class look, with the sense of inferiority, and the lazy, perfunctory way of doing things, that we have seen in the marines and soldiers of most of the countries through which we have traveled. But what is that name on their caps? "Kentucky." That answers the problem; they are United States marines and junior officers from the battleship Kentucky, at anchor out in the harbor. The impulse came over us to go aboard that boat and shake the hand of each and every one of those fellows and say, "How are you, boys?" and invite them to the hotel to the best viands it afforded; but neither time, nor discipline on Uncle Sam's craft, would permit.

At 12.15 the Nippon Maru steamed out of the harbor of Yokohama, through Tokyo Bay, into the broad Pacific, taking an easterly course for Honolulu, four thousand miles, pointing at last homeward to America. As we steamed slowly out of the harbor, we passed near to the Kentucky; we waved our handkerchiefs and got a signal in return. We were proud to see our

ONE OF TH

RKS, KYOTO

flag hoisted over such a magnificent battleship. It seemed to us that she was the perfection of naval beauty and strength, and that the big guns which pointed out from the sides of her turrets meant defense and protection, but not aggression; defense of that country that we were proud to call ours, and of its institutions, and protection to its ocean commerce. Why should not her navy equal that of any other nation, and why should not the smoke of the steamers that carry that commerce darken the horizon of every sea?

CHAPTER IX

THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND HONOLULU

The voyage from Yokohama to Honolulu usually takes from eleven to thirteen days. We find the Nippon Maru a fine steamer, being 440 feet long and 50 feet in breadth, with a depth of 33 feet; tonnage 6000 tons; propelled by twin screws, power being furnished through two sets of triple expansion engines. The cabins are on the bridge and main decks. On the bridge deck is a large social parlor and library. There is a gentlemen's smoking-room. The ship is lighted by electricity, has a complete refrigerating plant, and numerous bath-rooms. She has water-tight compartments, independent of each other, so that an accident to the hull does not affect the safety of the vessel. We find on board many old acquaintances whom we have met in different parts of the world. Some who were on the Caledonia from Port Said to Bombay; some who were on the Formosa from Calcutta to Colombo, on the Oriental from Colombo to Hong Kong, and on the Hong Kong Maru. It seems like a family reunion. Many of the first cabin passengers are Americans, and we are all looking forward

to that happy time when we shall have passed safely through the Golden Gate and registered at the Palace Hotel, having escaped from the corral on the wharf, and left the dreaded San Francisco custom-house behind. At table we are very fortunate in being placed with Mr. and Mrs. Van Noorden of London, England, and Mr. and Mrs. Andreas, from Sydney, Australia, — young and agreeable people whom we had met before. All seemed to try to make the time pass as pleasantly and as quickly as possible on the long passage of seventeen or eighteen days from Yokohama to San Francisco. On board are passengers from nearly every country in the world, — from America, Canada, Australia, China, Japan, England, France, Italy, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland.

On Monday, April 21, we crossed the 180 degree meridian. This day we lived over twice, going to bed Monday night and rising Monday morning. All vessels going east, when crossing this meridian, are put back a day, and all going west are put ahead a day, which makes the calendar right, for in going around the world to the east a day is gained, and in going to the west a day is lost, as measured by the sun.

The monotony of the long days at sea is broken by games and tournaments on deck, such as shuffle-board, pitching rings into buckets,

pitching canvas bags filled with rice on to a board marked off by numbers, golf, potato races, thread and needle races, egg and cracker races, egg and spoon races, three-legged races, whistling races, obstacle races, tug-of-war, — with prizes for the winners in each. Evenings there are dances on deck, and in the saloon lectures or musical entertainments. The days slip away one by one, and at last, on April 24, at 6 A. M., we come in sight of Honolulu, ten days from Yokohama.

Here leave us a flock of sea-birds which have followed the ship all the way from Yokohama (four thousand miles), keeping up with the steamer for ten days, and never resting, except upon the water, the time lost in such rest being made up later; they would overtake the steamer going fifteen miles an hour and often against a head wind of fifteen miles an hour. They are about the size of the sea-gull, but with longer wings and darker color. They are a species of the "frigate" or "man-of-war" bird. They live upon the refuse thrown overboard from the ship. Their power of flight is wonderful. I have watched them follow the ship, with graceful curves, now dipping into the water, now soaring aloft, falling behind almost out of sight, then, without any apparent effort, overtaking us, often without the visible movement of a wing, against a strong head wind.

Thursday, April 24, we arrived at Honolulu at 6 A. M., but were not allowed to come to the wharf till 12, as a Chinaman had died on the passage and a post-mortem examination was made to ascertain if he had died of a contagious disease. It was decided that the cause of death was pneumonia. At last the impatient passengers were allowed to land. Our intention was to call at once upon Mr. C. H. Merriam, a native of Fitchburg, Mass., and well known in Leominster, who has been a resident of Honolulu for two years, but it being near lunch time, we took a horse-car to the Moana Hotel, some four miles out on the beach. On the way we passed many beautiful residences, bordered by magnificent hedges, inclosing groves of cocoanuts, bananas, and palms. The whole landscape and the soft air brought to our mind Ceylon more than any other place we had visited. The Moana Hotel has recently been erected, has all modern appliances, and compares favorably with any beach hotel in America. It is situated on Waikiki beach, and commands a magnificent view over the ocean. The large dining-room projects over the water. As we look over the dining-hall, we see many passengers from the Nippon Maru, who have come to the hotel for a change from the steamer fare, and then intend to do the city of Honolulu as thoroughly as possible before 12 midnight, when our

steamer sails. On Waikiki beach, Honolulu's principal suburb, the maximum temperature during the year is 89 degrees and the minimum 56, the average being 72, varying not over four degrees in twenty years. The sea water registers from 74 to 78 degrees the year round.

While at lunch we were agreeably surprised to receive a telephone message from Mr. Merriam, who had located us by telephoning to the steamer and finding that we were passengers, and then telephoning to various hotels. After lunch, as we stood on the porch of the hotel, up drove Merriam with a spanking pair of horses and open barouche. His greeting was enthusiastic. He placed around our hats and his own, wreaths of flowers called "Lei,"—a solid mass of blossoms. This is a custom of the islanders on meeting or parting with friends. As we shook hands and looked into each others' faces, I could hardly realize where I was or where I had been.

From the hotel Mr. Merriam drove us to Diamond Head, a high point at the end of the island, overlooking the sea, then to Kapiolani Park, the Pali, Mt. Tantalus, and the Punchbowl, the latter the crater of an extinct volcano. These points are all reached by fine broad roads, and afford glorious views of the city and ocean. The Pali is six miles from Honolulu, about halfway across the island, at an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea.

Here we can see the ocean on both sides of the island. On one side is a precipice of 600 feet vertical. Over this place it was that, in 1795, Kamehameha, the "Great," drove the army of his enemy, who had made their last stand and preferred death to surrender. Their bones can still be seen at the foot of the cliff. At this point the wind sucks through with such fury that we had to put our hats under the seat of the carriage and even hold on to our hair; bald heads were at a premium.

After dinner at the fine Hawaii Hotel, we all took electric car and went up a very steep, winding road to Pacific Heights, from which place we had another magnificent view of the city and ocean, this time by moonlight. The city and the road by which we came were brilliantly lighted by thousands of electric lights. At the top there was just a little level piece of ground, bordered on all sides by a precipice; we hardly dared to move. It was a weird and fearful place. We seemed to be in the clouds, connected with the city only by the curving line of electric lights which marked the tram-road by which we came up. We were glad to step off the car and once more tread the solid ground of Honolulu's streets.

Honolulu has a population of forty-five thousand. All the great Pacific liners, except those of the Canadian Pacific, call at this port. It has

many fine substantial blocks, and the streets are well laid out and paved, with sewers in them. A well-equipped trolley line runs through the entire city, and another ascends Pacific Heights. I was much pleased with the city, and should like at some future time to spend a few weeks here and on the islands. Mr. Merriam showed us great attention. We were greatly indebted to him for his kindness, and appreciated it fully. It was one of the most enjoyable day's outings we have had since leaving Boston on October 19. Mr. Merriam drove us to our steamer at 11 P. M., filling our cabins with ripe, luscious fruits of the island. We were the envy of all the other passengers, with the brilliant fragrant wreaths around our hats and our free rides around the city, while they were all charged exorbitant rates for carriages.

At 12 midnight the last belated passenger came slowly and with difficulty up the gangplank aboard the steamer, which immediately swung away from the wharf and got under way. The black smoke poured out of the big funnels. The twin screws slowly revolved and the machinery once more breathed and moved, not to stop again, we hoped, till the Golden Gate was reached. Slowly the steamer passed out of the harbor and rounded Diamond Head. One by one the lights of Honolulu faded away in the distance and we were again on the broad ocean, the

next land the Golden Gate, the next port San Francisco; and as, at 1 o'clock, I, the last passenger on deck, turned to go to my cabin, I felt that at last our long journey by sea and land, around the world, was nearing the end.

On shipboard it is not always a life of careless pleasure — sitting in easy-chairs on deck, in the sunshine, breathing the soft pure air, or taking part in games, dances, music, or other entertainments. Two days out from Honolulu, at 9 o'clock in the evening, the dread sound of the fire-bell and whistle was heard. Instantly all was turmoil on board. We were facing a strong wind of twenty-five miles an hour, and there was the worst sea we had experienced. The ship came to a stop, preparing to turn and go with the wind. The deck hands took their places by the lifeboats and rafts, ready to lower them.

H. and I looked over the rail and wondered if any boat could live in such a sea. In the saloon the ladies had gathered, with pale and anxious faces. In the smoking-room some young men were playing poker. When the fire-bell rang out its terrifying sounds, these young men suddenly lost all interest in the game; the "chips" flew in all directions. At the other end of the smoking-room four old veterans were playing whist. One of these four had been all through our Civil War, and afterwards was in the Chinese army

under Gordon during the great rebellion; at present he is connected with the army of Japan. Another of the four was a gray-bearded Swede. The other two were English. All through the turmoil of the fire alarm these four card players never stopped their game or appeared to know that anything unusual was going on. Happily, it turned out that it was either a false alarm or a fire quickly extinguished, we were never quite certain which. It is not very alarming to hear the fire-bells on land. The Fourth of July bells only destroy sleep; the church-bells are soothing; but the dread sound of the fire-bell and whistle on shipboard, a thousand miles from land, is terrifying. It brings up before one, with the vividness of a flashlight, all the salient points of his life.

It is under such circumstances, as one peers out into the darkness, into the raging sea, that one sees the picture of men and women in life boats, starving and hoping, during days of agony.

Thursday, May 1, 1902, at 5 o'clock in the morning, all the American passengers gathered at the forward end of the steamer to catch the first sight of land. Near me were two ladies who had been in China as missionaries for fourteen years, and a gentleman who had been in business in Shanghai nineteen years. What vast changes they will see. They cannot now conceive of them.

But in a few hours the wonderful panorama will begin to be unfolded. There is a chill in the early morning air, but no one feels it. Our hearts beat high and the blood flows fast in our veins as we strain our eyes to catch the long, low line that marks the coast of America. Soon the headlands come into view. Then the seal rocks, Sutro Park, and the Cliff House. The enthusiasm of the Americans knows no bounds. They cheer everything in sight again and again.

We passed through the Golden Gate and came to the wharf at San Francisco at 10.30 A. M. It took two hours to get our baggage passed by the customs officers, by whom we were very well treated. We had heard such stories from tourists as to what they would do to us, that we had dreaded the ordeal, but we were let off much easier than we expected. One does not really feel that he is again a citizen of the United States, and has really been taken back into Uncle Sam's family, till he has passed the barriers of the custom-house.

CHAPTER X

THE HOME STRETCH

At the old familiar "Palace Hotel," we register once again, and here, with regret, we part from the friends we have made, and with whom we have shared the pleasures and the dangers of travel from Port Said to San Francisco, — people claiming the most widely separated countries as their homes.

We leave San Francisco May 7, at 10 A. M., on the fast express of vestibule Pullman cars, an observation car at the rear, a library and smoking apartment and barber's shop, and a dining-car. In this palace and hotel combined, on wheels, we take our seats, and what seem to us like moving pictures of paradise speed by. First, the great vineyards and orchards in the valley lands, then dotting and painting the slopes of the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas to the very top. Then we cross the Rockies, with their immense deposits of minerals yet untouched, speed down their eastern slopes, across the rich lands of Nebraska and Iowa and the Middle States, unsurpassed for the products of the soil, and dotted all over with prosperous, intelligent, and orderly

communities, their cities throbbing with life and industry, their green hills and slopes, their fertile meadows, their beautiful valleys, covered with countless herds or growing the cereals with which to feed the world; and then into New England, the home of manufacturing villages, the factory chimney, the mill-pond, the church steeple, the schoolhouse, — New England that contains within itself samples of every best thing in the world, one of which is the town of Leominster, where I arrived on Friday, May 16, 1902, at 6 P. M., completing the circuit of the globe in seven months less three days.

The material supremacy of the United States over any and every other part of the globe is, and must be, conceded by every impartial observer; there is no sort of question about it, — it is to be found in its soil, timber, minerals, climate, and rainfall. A traveler coming from the far East and crossing the United States on the line I followed feels that he has struck another world, where there is an overflowing abundance of the best of everything; where there is no poverty; where all are free and independent, and only work because they want to, not because they have to. One other thing strikes the observer most forcibly, that all seem to be on a level; there are no castes or classes visible. Every one

has the expression on his face that says, as plainly as words would say it, "I am just as good as you are." The people of France, as I saw them, come nearer to us in these traits than the English people. Among the things the home-coming tourist anticipates with joyful feelings are the finely flavored fruits, the juicy steaks, the real pies and puddings, real cream and butter, fragrant coffee, — nothing like them anywhere else. The names appear on the bills of fare in other lands, but they are not the real thing. And the cooking, especially in New England, beats the world. It is safer for a traveler to enter the United States from the West and approach New England by degrees, and not plunge at once into its sumptuous fare. The United States is a country that every one wants to get back into, from the consul-general of India to our minister in Japan. Young Americans sentenced to places of trust and profit in China are all anxiously awaiting the end of their terms of banishment to step again inside the boundary lines of the United States. On every steamer bound for this country are found stowaways, down on the keel or under the canvas in the lifeboats, risking their lives to get into the magic land, where a newsboy may be President.

The Old World suffers from overpopulation. There is not enough food raised to support the

people. The children must work as soon as they can walk; no food is wasted, no ground unworked that can be made to produce anything. The United States is underpopulated, — there are more "acres than people." The old countries are thousands of years old where the United States is hundreds. When the time comes — if it ever does come — that the United States is as densely populated as Italy or Japan, what will be the result? One thing in favor of our country is that its energies and industries tend to make this country more productive, more capable of sustaining population. They are not wasted on such marvelous but worthless works as the pyramids of Egypt, the Coliseum at Rome, or the costly temples of India and Japan, — works that have not added one iota to the real wealth of the world, but only to the vanity or fanaticism of men.

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